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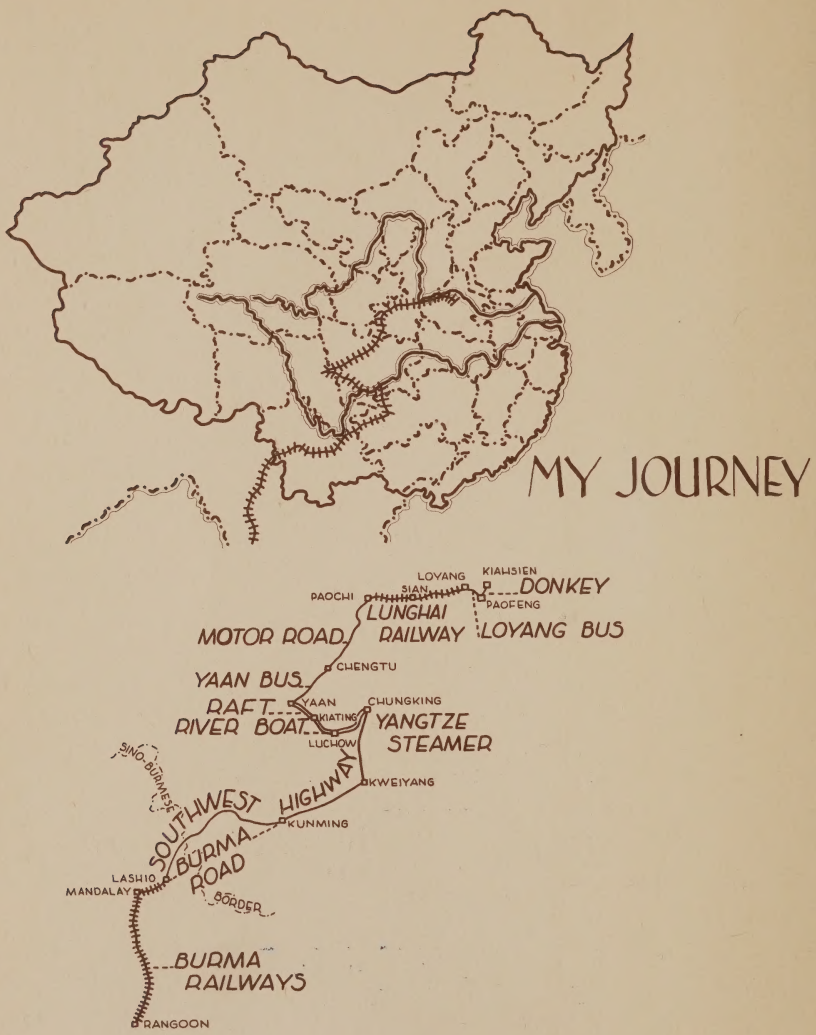
West China and the Burma road

WEST CHINA

AND THE BURMA ROAD

By H. DANIEL FRIBERG

E. Theodore Bachmann


MY JOURNEY
LOYANG
KIAHSIEN
DONKEY
PAOCHI
SIAN
PAOFENG
LUNGHAI
RAILWAY
LOYANG BUS
MOTOR ROAD
CHENGTU
YAAN BUS
RAFT
YAAN
CHUNGKING
KIATING
RIVER BOAT
YANGTZE
STEAMER
LUCHOW
SINO-BURMESE
KWEIYANG
SOUTHWEST HIGHWAY
KUNMING
BURMA
ROAD
LASHIO
MANDALAY
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BURMA
RAILWAYS
RANGOON

WEST CHINA
and the
BURMA ROAD

H. DANIEL FRIBERG

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WEST CHINA AND THE BURMA ROAD
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To Bertil and Eileen
and every reader
now called by God to serve
in lands where Jesus is not known

INTRODUCTION

CHINA has moved west, and in so doing has turned things around. Chungking is the new Nanking, Kunming, in a measure, the new Shanghai, and unless you fly from Hong Kong, the Burma Road is the new Whangpoo river, too long, mountainous and inland, however, for Empress and President liners.

I traveled out of North China by way of West China and the Burma Road and have recorded in the following pages some experiences and observations in the hinterland that has become the forward part of the great Chinese nation.

As I traveled without any schedule, even so I anticipate that some will judge these notes to be written without apparent schedule. I would only point out that such progress as there is, is on the whole in a southwesterly direction: from the more general to the more specific. First there are some notes orienting the West of China; then a running commentary on travel experiences; finally, notations on more specific subjects including each of the four Southwest provinces.

I would also acknowledge God's goodness in keeping me on the long journey and in permitting me to see the western home of the great nation we are anxious to make His people.

This is only an introduction—that's all I have had—but I shall be happy indeed if someone will "be pleased to meet" West China and desire to know her better—as a misisonary.

H. DANIEL FRIBERG

Minneapolis, October 2, 1941

KWANHSIEN

On the northwestern edge of the fertile Chengtu plain is Kwanhsien. Immediately west of the city begins the high mountain land that reaches westward half way across Asia, and out from the mountains at this point flows the Min river. Chinese and Lolo tribesmen live in the mountains. Farther west are the Tibetans.

Annually in the spring (on April 3 in 1941) Kwanhsien is the scene of the great Opening of the Waters ceremony when the Min, diverted from the irrigation system while the channels and ditches have been cleaned out, is reopened amid a great concourse of spectators and idolators.

1. The bamboo suspension bridge at Kwanhsien. Enormous bamboo cables give the bridge great strength, but old women wish that there were also solidity. The "pavement" is of irregular boards, ill fitting and slanting in places. Even so, the bridge is a great convenience. Note the regularity of the stones at the base of the support in the center of the stream. They have been placed within cylinders of loose bamboo mesh which hold them in place even in the swiftest torrent. On the bridge the carrier in the foreground has a load of coal, or a type of coke.

2. The waters of the Min have been opened. While the channel to the right was having its annual drycleaning, the river was made to flow to the left. The Szechwanese make ingenious use of logs and rocks and mud, and especially of bamboo that is woven into submarine facing, twisted into ropes, and made to interlace rocks so as to produce veritable masonry. A method commonly used to keep piles fixed on a rocky bottom is to hang large bamboo baskets of rocks upon them, as in the foreground.

3. At this temple the father and son who originated the Kwanhsien irrigation project are worshipped. The Szechwanese are deeply steeped in superstition and idolatry.

4. A diagram of the Chengtu irrigation system painted on a temple screen. The scope and the intricacy of the Min river canal system in the incredibly populous Chengtu plain is well depicted. The plain is as one great garden, with the gardeners all living within earshot of one another. The palm-leaf-like designs on the diagram represent the surrounding mountains.

5. Lunch is served at a portable restaurant in Szechwan. On the counter in front of the little customer is the stock from which the cold noodle dishes are served. The bowls contain condiments, combinations of which are poured over the noodles with a brass spoon. Szechwan dishes are very highly seasoned. Chinese caterers ask the customer whether he wishes to have "la chiao" or not; if he dislikes the peppery seasoning or wants just a wee dash of it he need only state his wishes.

The chopsticks in the foreground indicate that more customers are wanted.

Besides the noodles, a hot dish is served. A stiff dough, possibly of buckwheat, is pressed with the handle of a potato-masher pestle through tiny holes in the bottom of a mortar-like sieve. The dough strings drop into a steaming kettle of boiling water and are quickly ready for serving.

In the background may be seen a competitor's stand.

6. A salt well between Kiating and Chukent'an. The derricks steady long thick bamboo containers that emerge filled with brine from the wells that are between one to two thousand feet deep. Shifts of water buffaloes keep an enormous spool turning in the center of the factory. Around it is wound the long line of connected bamboo strips which draws the container of brine out of the ground.

The furnaces that keep boiling off the water make this area seem remarkably and modernly industrial, for in this country almost all industry has been home industry.

Because of the war Szechwan salt now makes its way far into Honan, though it is not there considered to be of best quality.

7. A Burma Road restaurant, typical of many, in Yung Ping, Yunnan. The shop shingle announces the name of the establishment: Illustrious Virtue Eatshop. No Chinese establishment would think of using such an indecorous name as Jim's Place. The two horizontal characters, "Ta Li," indicate that the chef has been a cook in the celebrated city of Talifu, just as some of our New York stores heighten their prestige by advertising branches in Paris or London. Despite its fine shingle this eatshop would hardly be classed as one of the better eating places, for some fine restaurants and hotels have recently been established along the highway.

SIKANG

8. Corn being loaded at Yaan, largest city of Sikang. At this point the river has too many rapids for the use of boats.

9. Firewood being brought from the mountain. These women fuel gatherers are about to step off the ferry across a mountain tributary of the Ya river near Yaan.

RAFTING ON THE YA

10. West China rafts are long, toboggan-like collections of thick bamboos turned up at the front and braced by cross-pieces of wood. To be supple enough to yield to the uneven strain of the rapids they are tied together and highly resilient. The men constantly watch the condition of the raft and make necessary repairs. The load is fastened to rails anchored about ten inches off the raft with blocks and more bamboo to protect it from the waves that wash through the loose structure. In deep still water anyone can handle a raft. Note the inverted bamboo sieve-like basket used to wash the rice. The wooden bucket covered with the basket is used to serve the rice at mealtime.

11. In the rapids the commander stands on a raised bridge (a bunk at night) and steers with a rudder-oar at the front. The raft must be kept well in the middle of the current. It becomes a part of the river, rushing when the current is swift, slowing incredibly as it approaches the rocky walls of the shore.

12. Here an impossible rapid has been reached and cannot be risked. Raftsmen have therefore made a shallow and narrow channel through the rock bank on the left and through it they slip the rafts one by one into the lower stretch of the river. In the background can be seen water wheels, twenty-five feet in diameter, propelled by the current. Little bamboo tubes fill with water and as the wheel goes around they empty into a trough far overhead to irrigate the fields beyond.

13. A raft well under way, carefully handled by two crews. The artificial channels are a snug fit, the water just deep enough to float the rafts, the current just swift enough to make it a problem to hold the raft back.

14. When the rafts came to a place where the river joined another to form a T, a complicated maneuver was carried out by the skillful raftsmen. The river rushed along the stem of the T, turning to the right, and the tributary entered from the left. To get the rafts into the middle of the swift current was the problem. It was solved by the crew's towing the rafts with incredible exertion upstream into the stem of the T, swinging them into the current, and drifting at an alarming speed while rowing desperately to gain enough real headway in the stream to avoid both the river's backwatering into the left arm of the T and the huge cliffs at the bottom of the turn. Once into the right arm, all was well.

15. One raft, the last of the fleet, got a bad scratch at the stern owing to seamanship that was a bit faulty. The corn became wet and the platform on which it was resting was wrenched out of position. After a short delay to repair the damage the rafts proceeded on their way.

KWEICHOW

Kweichow has been one of the most backward provinces of China, but has suddenly been forced into unprecedented activity and progress. Christian work among the Chinese of Kweichow has been exceedingly slow, but the aborigines have responded encouragingly.

16. Tower in the center of Anshun, third city of Kweichow. Note the fine paved and wide streets. Walls, temples, and even tombstones in Free China are painted with large patriotic slogans. The sixteen large characters on the wall are four slogans of four characters each, calling on the people to support the chief, consolidate union, obey the laws, and maintain the order. The framed picture under the second eaves is of Sun Yat-sen, regarded as father of New China.

17. Street scene in Panhsien, to the west of which lies Yunnan province. This scene may be called typical of many Chinese villages and cities, with narrow stone-paved streets, tile-roofed buildings, shops and temporary stands crowded along the thoroughfare, few vehicles but many people passing up and down the street. Note the two Chinese soldiers.

THE BURMA ROAD

18. To say that there isn't the length of one block on the entire Southwest Highway that is perfectly flat might be an exaggeration, but actually there are enormous stretches of road that have not a hundred yards of level surface. In the scene above the road winds up a mountain west of Hsiakwan. The frontispiece map indicates what is meant by the terms "Southwest Highway" and "Burma Road."

19. Rice fields to the right of the eastern descent to the Salween gorge. The skillful engineering of such extensive systems of rice fields, sometimes referred to as paddy fields, is worthy of note. The fields were laid out, terraced, and the irrigation problems worked out in ancient times.

20. Accidents and collisions are by no means rare on the Burma Road. In this case more than fifty trucks were held up when a trailer truck skidded into the bank.

21. Indian drivers from Burma wait for the traffic jam to be resolved. The truck in the foreground is hauling gasoline. Note the lineup of trucks on the road in the background.

22. Rice fields west of the Mekong river. The picture was taken from the highway.

Individual farms in China, whether owned or rented, are usually unbelievably small. Even on flat country they are small, and in hilly areas the paddy fields may be so tiny as scarcely to allow the farmer and his water buffalo to turn around in it. The fields yield little beyond the bare necessities of life. In contrast to the average American home where only a relatively small per cent of income is spent for food, millions of Chinese families spend virtually all of their income and effort on the securing of something to eat.

23. Threshing on a side road just off the Burma Road at Hsiakwan. Harvest is a happy time. Such is its anticipation that the hungry count the days. These women are using the simple method of beating out the kernels with flails—they were harvesting a bean—but regular threshing floors over which cattle drag a stone roller are commonly used in China. At the left a woman is winnowing the yield by pouring the kernels into the larger basket while the breeze carries off the chaff. Notice the normal feet of the women. Southern Chinese women do much more physical labor than do the northern women.

24. Shooting the rapids in a boat. At this most hazardous point on the Min river below Kiating even the captain (standing) got up to attend, although most of the time he had spent lying down. The boat just missed a fearful elbow of an upjutting rock by scarcely more than an arm's length. In the background ships wait to be towed up the boiling rapids, an extremely difficult task. On the other shore the cargo of ships less fortunate than ours was spread out to dry. While on this ship I learned that on the Yangtze there is a stretch of rapids so hazardous that piloting has become the monopoly of a single family who keep the secret to themselves.

25. A view across the Salween gorge in the late afternoon, taken from rice fields halfway up the western slope. Across the valley one sees the Burma Road. Although it appears as little more than a trail along the mountainside, it is a life-line for Free China.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Eastern Neighbors of the Western Provinces	1
China Relief, a Study in Mountains and Plains	4
The West	8
A Journey	26
Szechwan	111
Sikang	121
Kweichow	130
Yunnan	137
West China Boatmen	142
The Salween Gorge	150
A Link with India	154
Japan in China	158
Flesh-Death; Spirit-Life	163

Political Divisions

EASTERN NEIGHBORS OF THE WESTERN PROVINCES

THE political divisions of China are indicated on the map on the opposite page.

Americans on the whole have taken little time to study this map, but we certainly ought not to dismiss it with a glance. We ought to know it well. China is a country a third again as large as our own in area. In spite of the immense mountains and trackless deserts of its vast northwest, four times as many people live in China as in the United States. It is an old country, so much older than ours as a nation that if China were represented as an old man of one hundred years America would be a baby of four months—not yet arrived at the cutting of its first tooth.

The divisions on the map should be mastered, every one of them. Few of the original eighteen provinces have less inhabitants than the most populous of our states; many of them are really separate countries as far as population is concerned. Szechwan alone is far greater in this regard than England or France. Some estimates make the population of Szechwan approximately equal to Germany or Japan or about one half as large as our own country. We would never think of altogether dis-

regarding one half of the United States, yet that is about what we are doing when we don't know what and where Szechwan is.

The divisions are easy to master, especially with a little system.

The western divisions will receive separate treatment on another map, so we need now look closely only at the eastern ones.

Starting at the top and going west we have:

Three eastern provinces. Kirin (Jee lin, "Lucky Woods"), Heilung-kiang (Hay loong jeeahng, "Black Dragon river"), and Liaoning (Leeow ning, "Distant Peace"). Together they are known in some quarters as Manchukuo. A vast and fertile country, they are famous for the soy bean. Mukden, the capital of Liaoning, is an old Manchu seat while Harbin is one of the youngest great cities of the world, child of the Russian railroads built into Manchuria half a century ago.

Three border provinces on the fringe of traditional China Proper. Jehol (Ruh huh, "Hot river"), Chahar (Chah hah ehr, "Examine Hah You," apparently meaningless), and Suiyuan (Sway yuan, "Tranquilize Distance").

Three Yellow river provinces. Shantung (Shan doong, "Mountain East," i. e., east of the mountain), Hopei (Huh bay, "River North," i. e., north of the Yellow river), and Shansi (Shan hsee, "Mountain West"). The first two have enormous populations and form a large part of the North China plain; Shansi, mountainous, has China's chief

mineral deposits. Peking, the ancient capital, and Tientsin, its modern port, are in the northern part of Hopei.

Honan (Huh nan, "River South"), by itself in this scheme, populous, central, together with Shensi on its west the cradle of the Chinese race.

Three Yangtze river provinces. Kiangsu (Jeeahng soo, "River Revived"), Anhwei (Onn whay "Peaceful Excellent"), and Hupeh (Hoo bay, "Lake North"). Shanghai, China's greatest city and port, is in the first, as well as Nanking, the normal national capital. Hankow, the greatest city of central China, is in the last.

Three internal southern provinces. Kiangsi (Jeeahng hsee, "River West"), Hunan (Hoo nan, "Lake South"), and Kwangsi (Gwahng hsee, "Vast West"). The first and the last are mountainous while Hunan is fertile, populous, and reputedly arch-conservative.

Three coastal southern provinces. Chekiang (Djuh Jeeahng, "Djuh River"), Fukien (Foo jeeann, "Felicitous Construction"), and Kwangtung (Gwahng doong, "Vast East"). The first is the home of the dilettante; the second, the home of more overseas Chinese than any other province; and the third, the home of the wealthy Cantonese.

Three groups of three; Honan; another group of three groups of three. These, with Mongolia, form two thirds of the whole.

CHINA RELIEF, A STUDY IN MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS

BEFORE turning to the western divisions of China it is well to recognize certain physical conditions which underlie population and cultural facts. The map on page 5 is a crude substitute for a relief map of China and a population map all in one.

Generally speaking, the northeast quarter of China is all plains while the southwest is all mountains, and includes the highest mountain country in the world, marvelous even more for extent than for height. These two quarters are most unlike. The other two quarters have both mountains and plains and are well balanced. However, while the plains are remarkably extensive and flat and the mountains exceedingly high in the northwest quarter, the mountains in the southeast quarter (the larger part of China Proper) are smaller (not single giants) and roughen the whole area more uniformly.

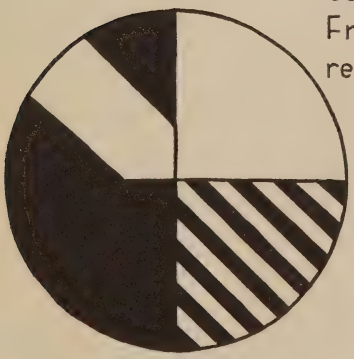
Of the four quarters, only the southeast has a very large population. The southwest is too high, the northwest too high or too dry, and the northeast too dry except in Manchuria.

One of the remarkable features of the whole area (one third again as big as the United States) is a

RELIEF and POPULATION

Frequency of dots represents density of population

Frequency of lines represents elevation



Northeast quarter, plain

Southwest quarter, mountain

Northwest quarter, vast plains and tremendous mountains

Southeast quarter, moderately and uniformly rough

wonderful valley right between the immense mountains of the southwest quarter and the rather hilly southeast. Mountains that for some two thousand miles have been of record size suddenly give way to a plain beyond which other, though smaller, mountains rise and continue nearly all the way to the eastern sea.

This plain, with mountains on all sides, is the Szechwan plain.

It is far from being the largest in China. First of the plains is the vast Mongolian tableland extending into Manchuria; then the Tarim basin of Sinkiang (most regular, mountain-buttressed, and isolated plain in the world); the North China plain about the old lower course of the Yellow river; and fourth, the Shensi-Ninghsia plain. Although fifth in size, the Szechwan plain has a population exceeded only by that of the North China plain. More people are concentrated here than even around the mouth of the Yangtze, third center of population. The Pearl river delta (Canton), the Tungting (Doong Ding) lake and Wuhan (Woohan) areas in Hunan and Hupeh respectively, and such smaller concentrations as the Sian (in Shensi) plain all have less.

As it is exceptionally large and isolated we shall expect the Szechwan plain to have an unusually self-contained and self-sufficient people, a people to whom Szechwan is not only "plenty" but just about "all there is."

On the other hand, we shall expect to find the

neighbors of the Szechwanese, mountain people all of them, sparser in number and poorer. In the great mountains especially that arise abruptly on the west they are likely to be far less in number. And the farther west, south, and southwest the less they have been influenced by the ancient and elaborate Chinese civilization, chief centers of which are to the north and northeast of Szechwan.

The nature of the valleys revealed by the course of the rivers shown on the Yunnan map (page 138) is an important clue to the character of the West, and especially of its contact with the extreme southwest. Great rivers flow near each other, indicating deep gorges. Their general characteristic of flowing southward and southeastward tells us that contact with the extreme southwest cannot be easy and that if ever a great road is built to the southwest—say to Burma—it must be a remarkable one.

THE WEST

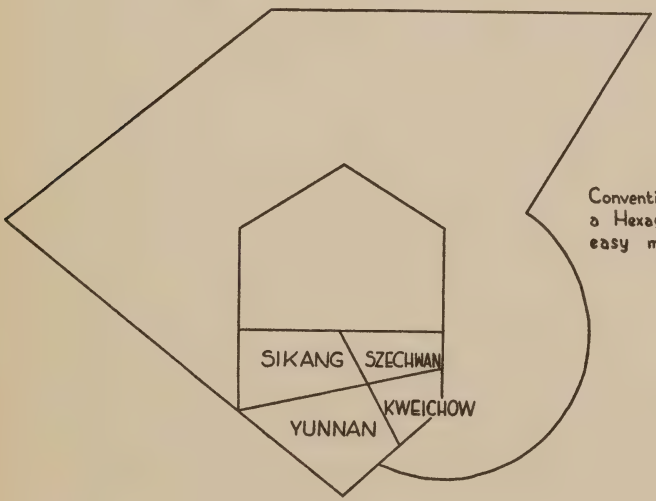
THE part of the map showing West China enclosed within a heavy line may appear to be central China. Actually, because the people of China have crowded so to the southeast even the eastern part of this outlined area is West China whereas its western parts are almost beyond West China.

We used a system of threes for the provinces of China, discussed under "Eastern Neighbors." Mongolia, in the extreme north, which was merely mentioned, is under Russian domination, and is sandy in character. It is now almost if not entirely without missionaries. For the western part of China it will be convenient to use a system of twos.

In the extreme west two divisions might have been included within the line of our special West China, Tibet and Sinkiang. However, they are really beyond it and are too large and too different to be classed with the ordinary provinces. They are more Central Asian than Chinese and whereas Tibet has so successfully shut out foreign influence as to be a kind of Switzerland in reverse, Sinkiang (Hsin jeeahng, "New Territories") has been overrun by Russian intrigue and power to the extent of being virtually lost to China.

Tibet is largely closed to the Gospel. I doubt that

WEST CHINA



Conventionalized into a Hexagon for easy mastery

there is even one missionary in Tibet proper. There are missionaries on the eastern borders of the Tibetan highlands who are especially designated for Tibetan work and who have valuable contacts with the Tibetan people. There are some thirty or forty baptized Tibetans on the northeast fringe of ethnographical Tibet where Chinese power gives them a measure of protection. But even outside of political Tibet no Tibetan in the northeastern area except in the sphere of practical Chinese influence dares to be baptized. Among the nine hundred families of Labrang, where Christian missionaries have been working, not one has dared to accept baptism. Only a few miles from there is a monastery of three thousand lamas and anyone turning to Christ so definitely as to be baptized would be killed. On the south the Tibetans have contacts with the Nepalese and other peoples who in turn are within the touch of the Christian church in India, and they also have contact with mission work in India, to which Tibetans sometimes travel. Thus Christianity has touched even Tibet, but the failure, to date, to establish a mission in political Tibet indicates the extent of the church's unfinished task.

On the Yaan (Yah onn) bus I had a lama as fellow traveller. He was not in Tibetan habit but wore a Chinese silk gown, Occidental felt hat, leather shoes, and gold-rimmed glasses and carried a briefcase in his hand. He was returning from a mission to Chungking and had in his company a

young Tibetan in a smart Chinese military uniform. The man was perhaps forty-five and something about his person and situation interested me very much. He presumably knew diplomacy but just the same the drivers of our bus beat him at his own game. When we started out from Chengtu there were in addition to freight and much baggage forty-eight paying passengers and six others on the bus, a two-and-a-half-ton open box Ford truck. Two other men and I stood a part of the way on the left running board. The lama had made provision befitting his dignity by paying for the special privilege of sitting in the cab. After going about thirty miles we had a flat tire. It was discovered that the wrench for removing the wheel had not been taken along, but had been left in the office of the Chengtu bus station. Though the toolbox was habitually locked and though someone slept on the truck, thieving is so prevalent that it could not be left in the machine. The poor flunky was sent back by another car which happened to be just starting out, to fetch the tool, for without it we simply could not proceed. He returned about noon the next day arriving from Chengtu by another bus on its way to a different destination. By that time, however, we had advanced a mile or so, by walking, to a city where we spent the night and where the next forenoon was tryingly long. When the flunky at last arrived we got ready in a surprising hurry and soon started our thirty-first mile twenty-six hours out of Chengtu.

It was here the patient lama had his surprise. Naturally he supposed he would reoccupy his cockpit seat but the boys held him up for another payment. He had thought, as had every one else the previous morning, that we should make the hundred-odd miles to Yaan in one day and had bargained for the day and not for the trip. That's where the boys had him. The word-squabble reached us on our remote perch above and behind, but I am not certain as to the outcome.

I liked him. I witnessed to him of the Lord (he spoke Chinese well) and he seemed most accessible. Scriptures and tracts have been published in Tibetan and he had read them. One of the two Tibetans had been in India. When we parted that night in Yaan the interior of his country was still weeks and weeks away by horseback over mountains and glaciers and passes. May the Lord prepare good things for Tibet, at least a Tibetan eunuch or two who might go on their way rejoicing and win the land behind the bars!

Tibet has always been the more inaccessible but Sinkiang the more remote. Kashgar in the west of Sinkiang is actually "about the last place on earth." It is beyond everything! Were you to approach it from Europe you would have to traverse the country of the Oxus, Samarkand, and the forbidding passes of the Pamirs. To get at it from India you would have to ascend into Kashmir and cross both the Himalayas and the Karakorams via Khyber and other passes to reach your destination. If you would

proceed by way of China, of which it is a part, you would first have the long, long journey to Kansu. After reaching one of the great caravan terminals of Kansu you would still have ninety-six days by long-axled desert cart before reaching Kashgar. Were one to fly from New York he would have to cross all of Canada, over the North Pole, and across the whole depth of Siberia before sighting Sinkiang south of the immense and lofty Tienshan range. Kashgar is veritably beyond everything.

Unlike Tibet Sinkiang is not a world-roof plateau. It is a great depression, a vast saucer or cup, with a desert in the bottom in which the rivers flowing from the mountain rim either turn into salt marshes or dry up altogether. The great central Asian caravan route from China to the Pamirs and Afghanistan skirts this sandy saucer bottom on the north. Outside of the fruitful and delightful oases and the mountain slopes, life is difficult to maintain in this largest of China's political divisions. When Sir Aurel Stein explored the Tarim basin from the south he carried his water supply in the form of blocks of ice placed on the backs of donkeys. The donkeys were driven into the desert as far as the expedition dared without giving the animals a drink of water before sending them back to the watered fringe. From this extreme point camels with greater endurance carried the blocks to the scene of the explorations.

The inhabitants are relatively few and represent several races, some of which are fanatically Mo-

hammedan. The Sinkiang string of oases is the cord by which Chinese Mohammedanism has maintained its life and connection with the western Islamic centers and the Sinkiang Mohammedan communities are held in high esteem by Chinese Mohammedans. The year I lived in Peking a great mob of Mohammedans destroyed two newspaper plants for having published something allegedly objectionable about the women of the Hami oasis.

Mission work in Sinkiang dates from about the beginning of the century. About forty years ago the Mission Covenant of Sweden sent missionaries into the Kashgar part of Chinese Turkestan, as Sinkiang is also known, by way of India. Not very much later an Englishman, Mr. Hunter, an already seasoned worker of the China Inland Mission, went into Sinkiang from the east. He has been there practically ever since. Ten years ago he came out and when he returned took six China Inland Mission men recruits back with him to Tihua (Urumchi) and environs. At that time Kansu was closed by internal war and the Russians would not allow the missionaries to avail themselves of a railway line which branches off from the Trans-Siberian to Central Asia and passes within hailing distance of Sinkiang's back door. The enthusiastic boys and their venerable mentor were not to be stopped. They procured two trucks, entrained for Kalgan, a great Chinese commercial outpost at the foot of one of the chief passes into the alluring land of the Mongols, fitted out a caravan on the

compound of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and when all preparations were completed drove away on the long invisible trail that took them clear to the other end of the vast and waterless Gobi. The doctor member of the party perished of typhus soon after the party arrived in Sinkiang. (Read *To What Purpose,* China Inland Mission, a short account of his brief, brilliant, and particularly touching and challenging life for the Lord and for missions.)

After about six years, only the aged Mr. Hunter and two of the young men remained in Sinkiang. The work had been heroically uphill, statistically almost barren. The shadow of Russia like a colder and harder Tienshan fell deeper and deeper across Sinkiang and made politically impossible what Mohammedanism had made religiously all but impossible. Letters were months in transit, seemed to disappear somewhere enroute for examination by hostile censors, and even had to be written in Chinese. Finally the last two of the six young men left for China proper via India. In Kunming I met one of them, Mr. Raymond Joyce, whose childhood home is only twenty miles from my Honan station. They had come to Kashgar expecting to find a flourishing Swedish mission work; instead they found a mission about to close its doors because of orders to get out by a local government which had already for some time applied a policy of studied intimidation on all who had any dealings with the missionaries, including patients in the medical

work. It was a beaten party of missionaries that evacuated that farthest outpost of the Christian faith and wound over the Khyber pass down to Srinagar in Kashmir, and thence to the coast of India. In God's mercy may the setback be only temporary; may He soon reopen the doors to the completion of the evangelization of Sinkiang!

But the old mentor, Mr. Hunter? He stayed on and was imprisoned, cut off from every contact with the Christian world. A European adventurer who braved the terrors of intrigue-ridden and fanatical Sinkiang and was himself imprisoned but released after a long and awful incarceration has come out again with the report of an elderly Englishman being kept in the same prison. The description answered to that of Mr. Hunter. When I was in Chungking fellow missionaries of the old veteran assumed that he was dead.

However, in the October *China's Millions* it is reported that Mr. Hunter has been released and that he reached Lanchow July 27 by plane. Mr. Ayton, reporting his arrival, writes, "Although he is rather pale it is amazing that he possesses such strength and vitality—so much so that he is wanting to go back to the place where his heart is, as soon as he feels better! Truly to me, a young worker, his presence at this station is a benediction from the Lord, who hears and answers prayer." This prayer, as effective as that offered for Peter, has been even more voluminous and believing. By the

provincial arrangement of the C. I. M. *Prayer List* Mr. Hunter's is, I believe, the only name thirteen hundred fellow missionaries remember in intercession on a certain day of the week.

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Within the heavy outline (map, page 9) are two ancient provinces which in imperial days were the jurisdiction of the Shenkan viceroy: Shensi and Kansu. Shensi ought to be spelled Shansi (Shan hsee) but since there is already a Shansi province and since the difference in the Shans is not one of vowel or consonantal elements but one of pitch and stress the Shan of the West China Shansi has been conventionalized into Shen and among foreigners the name of the province is pronounced Shen see. It means "West of the Passes." Kansu (Gonn soo) has the delightful meaning, "Sweetly Majestic."

Shensi lies immediately west of the great Yellow river where it takes a turn southward from the borders of the Mongolian desert before running straight eastward to the sea. It is shaped not unlike England and Scotland. Except for the historic Sian plain (Hsee onn, "Western Peace," also called Changan, "Everlasting Peace,") and Siking (Hsee jing, "Western Capital") which is very thickly populated, the loess plains and hillocks of Shensi are not among the most densely populated parts of China. Sian and environs on the Wei river and the

Honan bed of the Yellow river directly to the east were the nursery of the great Chinese family. Sian has more imperial remains than any other city of China—and surprisingly many Chinese cities have been seats of dynasties. To a competent archeologist with a truly encyclopedic knowledge every stone, tile, and potsherd in that ancient plain would be vocal with an account more elaborate and revealing than Plutarch's.

Kansu is an hourglass tilted northwestward. Over its bottleneck highway have run the sands of an immemorial traffic as far to the west as Chin, Syria. The narrowest parts are scarcely more than the road with its caravanseries. In the southern bell live the larger part of Kansu's relatively sparse population in a mountainous tract; often their homes are caves dug into the loess hillsides, as in Shensi, Shansi, and northern Honan. These caves are not to be regarded as the earmarks of a primitive, barbarous society. They are quite comfortable, high, roomy, sometimes thirty to forty feet deep. The sides and ceiling are cut down to a smooth finish and are occasionally even lined with stone or brick. A wall is built across the opening and in this wall are set the door and only window. Within are beds and some other furniture (the Chinese have never been able to construct a comfortable chair), some implements, and a stack or two of grain stowed in a spiral of matting. There may even be an edition of the classics on a high, benchlike table along the rear wall, by the side of

the ancestral tablet. Even wealthy landowners live in caves and invariably remark to the visitor when attention is on the dwelling: "Cool in summer and cozy in the winter!"

The upper bell takes in the parts adjacent to the Mongolian and Sinkiang deserts.

Kansu is the chief stronghold of Mohammedanism in China.

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Clamped tight about the neck of Kansu are a pair of new provinces, Chinghai, "Clear Sea," and Ninghsia (Neeng Hseeah, "Restful Summer"), created for political and expansionist ends. Neither has many inhabitants, the former because of its tremendous mountains, the latter because it is in reality a part of the Mongolian desert. But Ninghsia is here classed with Kansu because from a missionary point of view it is best worked from Kansu. In Chinghai the inhabitants are mountain nomads (here is Christianity's northeastern contact with forbidden Tibet) and in Ninghsia they are desert nomads living in felt huts shaped like half a tennis ball cupped over the sand, with the rubber replaced by a very light framework of wood. In the center of these tents a fire of burning cow dung (Gobi is entirely barren of all vegetation heavier than grass) pours its smoke out of a hole in the top. In cold weather lambs of the flock and even a newborn calf may share this comfortable abode with the desert family. In Inner Mongolia I found Mon-

gol tents very interesting but the clothing of the inhabitants disagreeably greasy. Mission work among the Mongols is one in which particular devotion and patience have been exercised.

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In southeastern Shensi Norwegian missionaries work along the Han river. Swedes have the area at the eastward bend of the Yellow river. English Baptists work in the Sian sector having been attracted to West China by Christian emigrants from their older Shantung mission field. From Sian northwestward into Kansu are found the stations of the Scandinavian Alliance, a mission founded by Fredrik Franson, a missionary organizer who flamed all over the world a generation ago with a zeal like Francis Xavier's. In southwestern Shensi and in various places in Kansu including the great city of Lanchow is the wonderfully omnipresent China Inland Mission (C. I. M.) founded by the great J. Hudson Taylor. In remoter Kansu and on the frontiers of the Tibetan plateau the late Dr. Simpson's Christian and Missionary Alliance has worked for decades. Several other groups including the Assemblies of God also work this northwest part of China.

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Two features of the map deserve special attention. Note that in the southern part of the outlined

area there are four shaded provinces whereas the northern ones already mentioned are not shaded. The reason is that West China is a rather loose term. (I carried a safe-conduct issued by a divisional magistrate in Honan entitling me to travel in "West China." When I showed this in Sian, the administrative bottleneck on the road to West China which you must pass and beyond which, if you do pass, all is wonderfully clear and unencumbered, the right of the Honan official to so comprehensive an act was slightly challenged. It was pointed out to me that "West China" is not a Chinese administrative term.)

There are several West Chinas. A missionary going to Lanchow is certainly going to West China. Before the Lunghai railroad, now extending in actual service to Paochi (Bou jee) and in construction even farther, was built he was travelling westward in China for many weeks. The provinces already named are West China but they are also North China. The fact is that their affinity for Shansi and Honan is greater than for Szechwan. They are more north than west. Properly they are western North China whereas the shaded provinces are in a full sense western South China. The reason is that, although one might have expected otherwise, the east-west division of China is far more marked than the north-south; that is, the horizontal line of division is much heavier than the vertical. Agriculture, diet, modes of transportation, architecture, dress, and a hundred other items dif-

fer greatly in the passage from North China to South China and one of the most remarkable facts in the whole range of geography is the definiteness and abruptness of this change. In parts of central China two slopes of the same mountain might almost be indicated as the frontiers, the one of North China and the other of South China. Rice, canals, fish, sandals, and bamboo-leaf hats are on the one side; millet, wheat, and sorghum, wadded pants, mud-walled villages, miles of dusty, sunken cart roads, and a stolid, steady, and sturdy race of men on the other. The division is unique. The present nationalist regime, in power since 1926, is almost the first all-China authority originating to the south of that line.

The division between Shensi and Szechwan is pronounced and natural. It is physical. They are shut off from each other by tremendous mountains. While the division is spread over a somewhat broader line than in certain other parts of China (thus the populous Hanchung plain in the south of Shensi is both northern and southern in aspect, there being high mountains both to the north and to the south of it) the traveler has really entered quite another world when upon leaving Shensi he arrives in fair Szechwan.

Actually Szechwan is a special part of the Yangtze world, with which western and even central North China have few—e.g., the Han river—direct connections. The upper part of this Yangtze

world is designated as West China in the narrower sense. It is, roughly, the area shaded on the map, of which a more detailed account, province by province, will be given later.

Attention must also be called to the second special feature of the map of West China in the broader sense. Five arrows will be noted, their points all within the outlined area. They are the five approaches to West China. Innumerable others exist, some important, for instance the Han river, the upper reaches of which are conveniently close to Sian, but these are the most noteworthy single routes. (Refer to map on page 9.)

Clockwise, starting from the top they are:

A. The Kansu highway from Central Asia with approaches, all far to the west, on the southwest from India, on the west from Afghanistan, and on the northwest from Russia. It is a tortuous and an extremely strung-out approach.

B. The Tungkwan (Toong gwonn) pass from Honan into the Sian plain via the narrow and precipitous bank between the Yellow river at the very elbow of its eastward bend and the mountains south of it.

C. The Yangtze river which between Chungking and Ichang runs through the famous gorges. Ichang (Ee chahng) is the gateway to this approach.

D. The French Yunnan railway from Hanoi in French Indo-China to Kunming, the capital of Yunnan.

E. The Burma Road, a motor highway from Lashio, terminus of the Burma railways, to Kunming.

Of these, the first three are ancient and the last two modern. The last is virtually just completed. The first two lead into northern West China, the last two into southernmost West China, and only the third one directly into Szechwan. Normally the Yangtze river is the most important, because it alone is a waterway and because by any of the other approaches one must still cross high ranges before reaching great and populous Szechwan, the real center of West China, even after reaching the West. The Yangtze is the straight road (albeit a meandering river) to the heart of West China.

In June, 1940, the Japanese put a padlock on this gateway at Ichang. Its effect on Szechwan was great. In Chungking in April of this year (1941) rice which in normal years sold for a couple of dollars a certain unit suddenly rose to $87 or $90 and more for the same unit. Currency depreciation, manipulation, and threatened drought were only partly responsible. If the Ichang padlock could have been removed there would have been such an influx of Hunan rice that nothing like this price would have been reached.

At Hanoi the first of the modern southern approaches has also been secured with a Japanese padlock. A curious fact is the presence of Japanese sentries on the northern bank of the Yellow river at the Tungkwan pass, but not on the southern,

though it is so important a place. Although no padlock hangs on this gate one must squeeze a little to get through, and though the vestibule immediately without is Chinese, the porch and the yard outside are Japanese. All this, together with the fact that the Kansu road only leads you into the middle (and only the middle) of the vast Asian apartment house, gives the Burma Road, however unnatural, an unnatural importance.

A JOURNEY

I INSERT at this point a brief account of my journey through West China. A map indicating the course of the journey is found at the beginning of this book. See frontispiece.

My mission station is Kiahsien, southwest of Chengchow, the important peacetime junction of the Peking-Hankow and the "transcontinental" Lunghai railways in central Honan. My start was made while it was still dark the morning of March 15 after a goodbye to my mother and sister. Roads in Honan are badly cut up to prevent invasion; travel is either by donkey or "ricksha carts" ("Pullmans" the imaginative call them; "manpulls" would be more descriptive), a wooden frame placed over the axle and wheels of the ordinary ricksha. I had two donkeys, one for myself and one for my duffel bag and suitcase. Foreigners should learn from the Chinese to travel as lightly as possible. Sensible, they have only a bundle with a change or two of neatly folded clothing through which they run either the right arm or an umbrella. On buses the traveler finds that only very hard or very soft baggage stands up; suitcases and fancy things fare badly.

I took an early start in order to reach Paofeng, forty li away (three li to the mile) early enough to

make the Loyang bus, which takes the better part of a day to reach its destination. Schedules are uncertain, and at best approximate except at starting points, and I arrived at Paofeng in very good time. When a bus came along the engaging and courteous head of a Y. M. C. A. soldier-comfort project on this important highway in unoccupied Honan gave me his help and influence in getting on. The bus was very crowded; I had to find place for one foot at a time. At one point I changed position and relieved the general pressure in the back of the bus by placing my feet in the window. Since I sat on a sloping piece of baggage I had to raise myself continually and this periodic squirming distressed a woman passenger who probably thought she was squeezed even more tightly than I.

Sunday I spent in Loyang where the Augustana Synod mission has a good work. It is an ancient city and now the capital of the province. Its importance makes it the object of repeated bombings, which because of the nearness of enemy aerodromes are often devastatingly sudden. However, Loyang enjoys a natural foundation in good yellow loess soil into which one can tunnel indefinitely without props. In the mission compound there are nearly five hundred feet of such tunnels (partly propped, however) for the safety of school children, Sunday worshippers, hospital people, and staff.

Monday the Christian workers gave me a little send-off with tea, desserts (*tien hsin,* literally "heart specks" turned around), and kind words.

The Chinese are by culture exceedingly well-mannered and gracious; when in addition they love someone "in the Lord" their behavior is as touching as it is beautiful. Mine has been quite another sphere of work and it was simply out of gratitude to the Mission and in appreciation of the work of my parents, who used to be in this station, and of their fellow-workers that these friends were kind enough to bid me farewell on a long journey.

Loyang, though now many days inland, is the outside terminal of one of the three railways of unoccupied China. As the Chinese withdrew into the interior they left little rolling stock behind. In some places the railroad track itself was freighted inland to be added to the other end. West of Sian every station has several locomotives on side tracks; but I fear the weather after years of roofless idleness is having its effect on them.

In recent years China was taking great strides forward. Chengchow, in our province, was served by eight express trains daily and refrigerator service brought fresh fish from the Yangtze valley. This was before the war made a forlorn "has been" of the city. Symbol and pride of this progress was the Green Express which connected Sian and Paochi with the coast and with lines leading to most of China's great cities.

I boarded a truncated Green Express that in the course of Monday night passed all but one of the dangerous points at which firing from the opposite side of the Yellow river might make progress haz-

ardous. Early in the forenoon we reached a station twenty li east of Tungkwan beyond which passenger trains simply dare not run because of the proximity of the other shore. At this station vast numbers of "Pullmans" and donkeys—and some horses —are assembled to help travellers over the forty li to a station the same distance on the other side of Tungkwan, where another Green Express—or other train—is waiting to continue the run to Sian.

The bargaining for animals is lively, this being one of the three open gateways to West China and in point of number of travellers admitted the liveliest. I took a "Pullman" and made good time though the dust was almost the thickest I have been through.

As the celebrated pass is reached one approaches two tremendous gateways, impressive symbols of the importance of the pass and the real dignity and stability of that civilization and regime which had its origin in these parts and finally embraced a quarter of the human race. Though closed in by the river and high mountains the pass is not difficult; however, one must get off and walk. In the most critical stretch, a sunken track or trench winds along in the middle of the ancient highway and heedless pedestrians are made to get down by a sharp call from the sentries or from warier fellow-travellers because snipers sometimes exchange shots across the river. The trench itself is so shallow that in some places a tall person must fairly duck for safety. Through such a trench, too narrow in spots

for laden donkeys to pass each other, files a vast amount of traffic.

Tungkwan city with its many inns lies just within the pass on a westward decline. It has been badly demolished by artillery on the other side of the river and yet amid all the destruction life throbs with typical Chinese vitality.

Out through two other gates, enormous and not unlike the South Gate of the Imperial City in Peking, one is clear of the pass as the river turns northward (actually it comes from the north) while the mountains gradually recede to the south. Two hours beyond we reached another lively horse-market where a great congregation of ricksha carts and donkeys marked the western end of the Tungkwan break in the railway.

In the course of the forty li I had many fellow travellers going westward, riding, walking, waiting, or eating in the innumerable eatshops. It was with chagrin I learned later that sometime that day a Kansu missionary whom I had not seen since we were together at the Peking language school had passed me going eastward on his furlough. Travel on such roads is tedious and even were one alert to all that passed the dust worked up in the dry soil by feet and wheels is such that all look pretty much alike.

Huashan, a short distance west of Tungkwan, raises remarkably precipitous and grand peaks to the south of the railway. Farther west a fellow passenger was kind enough to point out the moun-

tainous neighborhood, also south of the tracks, in which Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was captured by an underling in December, 1936, and held for two weeks while China's fate hung in the balance. God had His hand in the event and it is gratifying that the Generalissimo and several of the top-ranking government men have acknowledged it.

Because of locomotive trouble it was late in the afternoon before we reached Sian.

Distances in the "Western Capital" judged by ordinary Chinese cities and by the means one takes to get around are tremendous. Southern cities may be more populous and more wealthy but for bigness of layout and grandeur of gates Sian surpasses anything in China except Peking. (Nanking's recent development has been along Occidental lines; until so developed it was pretty much an enclosure of fields.) Even the empty spaces, some empty before the war, some emptied since, are impressive.

I stayed in Sian four or five days getting permission to move on. The Central Government is laudably trustful and well disposed toward missionaries. (Later I learned by ship's radio bulletin that missionary nationals of governments that have recognized the enemy Nanking regime will not be interned so long as it is apparent that they are bona fide missionaries. That is more generous than some of the treatment meted out by Western governments themselves doing a great missionary work.) The liberties missionaries have enjoyed in China are

noteworthy and really anomalous except when one considers that the good hand of God has been with us.

Sian being the gateway to the interior and the road from the east being ultimately from enemy territory, it is no wonder that some checking-up for identification is done here. Most folks spend a week or more getting through Sian. However, a little extra calling and pressing together with the arrival by mail of documents which I presented to advantage hastened my case. I made two trips into the former Manchu city where the secretariat is housed in sprawling typical Chinese quarters. The police official assigned to the foreign beat is a pathetic backslider from the faith but was nevertheless true enough to admit the total unsatisfactoriness of his condition.

In Sian besides indigenous churches there are the English Baptists in the East City and East Suburb and the Scandinavian Alliance in the West City and West Suburb. The matron in the Alliance Home, Mrs. Bergstrom, is a China schoolmate of mine and made my waiting for the official stamp very pleasant.

The Baptists had been bombed badly. Their city hospital had been moved into the suburb and their suburb schools, or part of them, had been moved into the country. Strangely enough a refugee orphanage, from Nanking, I believe, occupied the vacated hospital.

I was happy to observe Mr. Bergstrom's work in

the street chapel attached to the Business Department. I like to see missionaries preach the Gospel—what else is a missionary for! In the three or four provincial capitals I visited after leaving Honan the only streetchapel preaching I know of being done regularly every night was under China Inland Mission or affiliate mission auspices. Bergstrom gathers the people with his accordion in a former salt *hang,* speaks to them in his native Shensi dialect, and preaches the Gospel. And yet how many churches should not Sian have, on every one of its populous streets!

Bergstrom's colleagues include some younger men of great initiative and energy. One of them, a Mr. Gustafson, was in Sian during my visit and was most enthusiastic about the virtues of the loudspeaking system which he had introduced into his work. I made up my mind that I would visit him in his work and see the wonderful innovation in action but being anxious to resume my journey I had to satisfy myself with the mere report of it. Certainly anything like that is a great crowd-drawer in China and any means mechanical or angelic that can strengthen our weak voices to sound forth the Gospel must be grabbed by the forelock. Gustafson preaches to from two thousand to five thousand at a time. Gasoline is an acute problem (many buses run on charcoal gas or alcohol) and even the small amount required for his generating outfit loomed as a major problem. But the departure for America of an Adventist mis-

sionary who had some cans of gas on hand ensured nights and nights of full-toned Gospel preaching for some time to come.

Sian, like Peking and Kaifeng, is subject to terrific dust storms. The tightness of the dust-laden atmosphere crushes with an intangible weight under which the very street lamps almost expire. The last evening I was in Sian one of these storms came up when there was nothing to do but wait till it had passed. In the morning the air was clear again and when my train had gone half way to my next destination, Paochi, rain had created another problem.

Fellow passengers of mine on this last and most inland lap of railway in China were a big-time business man and two men associated with the banking business. They were already acquainted—at any rate one knew the other two—and since they had the same interests there ensued hours of shop talk that never paled for an instant in interest. How much business talk these men of finance can cover in the course of a single train ride! Their hearts were right in it. The merchant appeared a man of unusual capacity for business administration. It is surprising when I reflect with what utter absence of secretiveness he discussed his own affairs, the enormous capitalization of his two firms (quarter million), and what might be called his business biography. He couldn't stand boards with their counting of votes to determine action. He must be unhampered to swing his deals on his own judg-

ment when the mere interval between the execution of an order by telephone and of one by telephone letter might decide a fortune. (More economical than the telegraph is the "telephone letter," a written message handed the provincial telephone administration for transmission. Ordinarily it is quite fast but in these days of disruption it can be distressingly slow even though it is *tien*—electric.) As I listened to the endless and revealing conversation I thought to myself that business principles are the same the world over, whether on Wall street or the Paochi train. As we approached the end of our journey I injected a remark or two about the futility of riches. The banker turned to me with a kind of upright interest and even the consummate merchant showed a polite regard. But soon the conversation was on again, and about money.

Paochi, the end of the line, has mushroomed overnight from being a dead, unheard-of, opium-besotted town of some thousands to being a truly amazing city of seventy thousand. Its character, not its size, is most amazing. The night I arrived, I took a walk to the East Suburb, the suburb of the railroad station, and almost supposed myself standing in an American city. Disregarding the Chinese characters over the shops and the Chinese voices in the streets one could almost think himself in one of the larger Montana cities. The leading banks have opened important branches—one has moved the interior of its Chengchow office right up the

line—shops display everything modern and flashy, truck engines roar in the side streets, and soldiers, merchants, farmers, chauffeurs, officers' families in transit, and wildcat speculators all jostle one another in a whirl of expansive excitement and modernity of surroundings and outlook entirely new to Northwest China.

I found in Paochi a purely indigenous church that won my admiration. A group of Christian immigrants, one of them a government opium inspector, have banded themselves together with a beautiful community of spirit and interest to establish a congregation and to build a church of surprising dimensions and quality. I attended the Sunday morning service and found it interesting. Purely indigenous churches and their related movements have a characteristic flavor. There is a laudable spirit of confidence about them. Denominational hymnbooks tend to drop into disuse and, while there is a loss at this point, one can only approve of the remarkably widespread and thoroughgoing practice of singing entire passages straight from the Bible. I think at this Paochi service parts of four or more Psalms were used. The melodies are generally Chinese and whereas they seem to us exotic, winding on and on without much musical organization, and stopping quite unexpectedly, it is only discreet and just to recognize such movements, fall in line, and encourage them lest we find ourselves in the ungenerous and impossible position of the mother hen that led her brood of ducklings

to the water's edge and then tried to cluck them back.

Railroad construction is progressing on a further section of the line which will extend the Lunghai to the important city of Tienshui in Kansu. But at this stage the work is exceedingly difficult. Paochi is at the end of a blind alley and on three sides are mountains.

Two bridges, as I recall, lead southward over the considerable Wei river. On Monday I crossed one of them, and took the fairly new motor road to Chengtu (Chung doo), the capital of Szechwan, a journey of four or five days when gasoline is used and of indefinite duration in a charcoal burner.

The Shensi-Szechwan highway is a good road, particularly the Shensi part of it. One begins to ascend almost immediately after leaving the truck terminals near the Wei river. (The Chinese are ingenious adapters; the very latest trucks issue forth from sheds and warehouses made of poles and matting. The economy of the country and the good sense of the promoters demand it.) From then on there is little level driving except a few hours in the Hanchung plain and again when one is close to Chengtu itself. The hills are almost endless and at one point a ridge of about nine thousand feet must be crossed.

For the charcoal burners the hills are a bad strain. Stuck on a particularly steep hill with the worst part ahead, the hood off, rocks wedged behind the rear wheels, and the passengers perhaps

on their eleventh day out standing about in wistful helplessness and looking longingly to fleeter vehicles, these charcoal burners do put a bit of a question-mark on the wonders of modern transportation.

Chauffeurs are out-province men, many of them from Shanghai. Ours was a skillful and competent fellow, though he had the common vice of shutting off the ignition and coasting down hill—the longest hills. It is this improvident economy in a region of sky-high gasoline that accounts for many wrecks. Brakes worn out, the truck is destroyed by a single leap over the embankment.

Motor vehicles on the Paochi-Chengtu run are much fewer in number than on the Southwest highway between Chungking and Burma. It is not so vital a link and the price of gasoline mounts by almost every kilometer it must be hauled from Lashio in Burma. By the time the drums have reached Paochi they have topped more mountain ranges than even veteran drivers can accurately enumerate and are not only fabulously expensive but largely out of the reach of private enterprises.

An ingenious adaptation supplies the lack of motor vehicles. Between Paochi and Kwangyuan (Gwong you-onn), half way to Chengtu, run thousands of solid, well-built Chinese cart-frames placed upon steel axles, mounted with bearings and rubber-tired wheels, and drawn by two or, more generally, three horses or mules. These carts usually carry a load of five mechanically com-

pressed cotton bales weighing together over a ton. Behind one wheel they drag a piece of wood which catches as a brake the moment the panting team stops for breath on a hill and the load slides "into reverse." Once over the top the weatherbeaten, fur-clad teamster yanks a rope which by means of a pulley applies a wooden crosspiece to the outside of the iron brake drums. "Spare parts"—extra brakerods fashioned in the local mountain hamlet —are for sale at some of the eatshops *(fan p'u tze)* along the way. License numbers are burned into the enormously heavy shafts. At Kwangyuan, where the bales go into warehouses and thence into Chialing river junks for the "coast" down to Chungking, this drayman's line ends abruptly.

This is wonderful. For the man who can muster enough capital to procure the animals and a well built cart with rubber tires (terribly high in cost) this is a great chance. He will be gone for a month or a month and a half but he makes money.

It is time the poor draft animals of China got a break. What roads they have had to struggle over since the days of Yao and Shun—knotty or dust-bedded in fair weather, miriest pits in foul! Now the load rolls over the lofty mountains of the West on surfaced roads without a rut. And with rubber tires and ball bearings! Of course the tires are not white-walled nor necessarily even new. Much lacing with strips of rawhide prolongs and rejuvenates the life of a tire in this service almost *ad infinitum*. But they are tires just the same and the

change is grand. Naturally, the enterprising teamsters are quick to seize the capacity for bigger loads and run long hours. The whip still cracks too sharply. But even so a Chinese fellow-traveler called my attention to the fine shape of the animals kept by the draymen compared with the horses driven by the military.

Starting after dinner we made only a good half-day run before stopping at Shuang-shih-p'u for the night about sundown. Though hamlets or at least single *fan p'u tze's* are not rare even among the mountains, drivers tend to make the run in certain fixed laps and in the division points lines of trucks are parked for the night on both sides of the road. Restaurants and inns, especially in the city division points (Shuang-shih-p'u is only an important fork in the road, the other highway leading to T'ienshui in Kansu and, by extension, to Russia) range from fine hotels to mat-covered, frontless food shacks where emigrant Honanese "chow" (fry) eggs, meat-strings, and vegetables to order in a shallow eggshell skillet over a fire of twigs. Drivers eat well, frequent "bath halls," and generally live a bit like dandies.

In Shuang-shih-p'u I was surprised to hear that two of my countrymen lived on the other side of the mountain stream. I felt my way along in the dark until I found the new bungalow of Mr. Allen, soul of the widely publicized Cooperative movement. He was away but an adventurer-writer who had somehow landed in these parts was living with

him and was at home when I called. Though not a Cooperative man himself, he could not under the circumstances have failed to hear much about the movement and I questioned him about it. Since it is not without special interest to a missionary I digress into this subject. It is quite possible to travel through West China without inquiring into it, but you can't proceed far down the upper part of the route without being arrested by the great number of Cooperative signs: a handsome monogram built on the character *Ho,* "union," in all places and on all kinds of businesses.

The Cooperative is a big movement that has made good. The original cooperative, I was told, was one of Paochi blacksmiths who got together and surprised themselves and everyone else by the profits they were able to share. Now all kinds of trades, industries, and services are "co-oped" and though most of the units are small, in the aggregate they form one of the big features of the West. It is a movement that has the speed and vigor of a prairie fire.

The notable success the movement has attained is due to several causes. The Chinese have good business heads and recognize the advantages of cooperative effort when they see them, (but it is not only in the last four years that they started to see them. Their system of guilds and societies goes back millenniums). The shutting off of industrialized Shanghai, Japan, and the Occidental West has given the home industries of West China an undis-

puted field of enterprise with millions of buyers just beginning to use this novelty or always in need of that staple calling for more and more. The opportunity to borrow a little capital on humane terms to add to the tiny investments of the charter members in a land where interest rates are three and four per cent per *month* is now available through the movement. This is something generations have either waited for in vain or never even dreamed of. This and the *sine qua non* of leaders altruistic and true who have enthusiastically and devotedly gone out of their way to serve the pocketbooks of the masses rather than their own has resulted in a fine piece of corporate social advance.

But now the danger is threatening that the control of the movement will no longer be in the hands of those disinterestedly *for* the good of the general membership. Mr. Allen is passing through a cloud of misgiving. Modern cooperative associations have been promoted in China even before the West China movement came on the scene. They were pushed officially in my own district in Honan and toppled over on the point at which all systems are vulnerable: lack of character.

Darjeeling is not West China; nevertheless in that lovely Himalayan resort it was my privilege to attend a missionary gathering addressed by an Indian Methodist bishop on the crushing subject, the Poverty of India. He presented an array of sinister facts pertaining to the distressing state of full scores of India's unhappy millions but confessed

frankly that he did not know the solution. His estimable address was followed by a general discussion in which rather many of the international gathering took part. Comments and ideas ranged from the utterly puerile one of organizing tug-of-wars in the villages to observations of deep insight. I remember a British missionary who seemed to be abreast of the social and economic thinking which the blatant ills of the world have forced upon a puzzled humanity stood up and said with noble earnestness that the poverty of India called for nothing short of Empire action. But even as the Bishop had concluded without a solution, even so much of the discussion failed, and consciously failed to hold forth any method of procedure.

The lack of money with which to better the condition of the Indians seemed paramount. Then a strangely realistic woman missionary stood up and said that when money was plentiful litigations were plentiful. She said there was more litigation after a sixteen anna harvest (a good harvest) than after an eight anna harvest. These lawsuits drain the poor people of all they have. In one loan project it had been found that lending was easy, collecting difficult; that collections did not take care even of interest due the investors. One man arose and said his mission had taken part in some finance scheme and was ninety thousand rupees out of pocket for it. Almost the most frank and outspoken of the whole group was an Indian gentleman, a former civil servant, whose unvarnished remarks

pointed to lack of character as the big obstacle. While that does not indicate nor outline the system by which India will be lifted up it really does more. It indicates that no system whatever can transform any group into a happy society until a foundation of character has been laid. Christians confess and ought to know that the regenerating and sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit is needed to obtain character. My conviction is that, whereas various economic and social systems do differ in the degree of their suitableness and workableness, nevertheless a Christian society would find its happiness promoted by any one of them while an un-Christian society, one which rejects the regenerating and sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit, will never attain happiness either by the systems now advocated or by those next in line.

Consequently, my conviction is that even sociologically a missionary makes his best contribution by sticking to his last of preaching that Gospel whereby men are converted and sanctified.

But various alternatives present themselves now in West China as they have presented themselves in occupied China including cooperatives promotion and "rural" programs. This rural fad fails to enlist my enthusiasm. It seems to imply a tendency to deny the universal and equal need of men on the one hand and of the adequacy of the Gospel on the other as well as the essential identity of the Christian witness. Everyone knows there exist certain superficial differences between city and coun-

try but in all details that really matter a Christian worker goes about in the same way to convert and to lead on in the path of sanctification the president of the Bank of China (or Guarantee Trust!) as he would the rudest hill billy with the mud of the paddy field oozing up between his toes. Exactly the same repentance toward God and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ are required of both.

Furthermore, the "rural" fad tends to lay greater stress on clean bowls and chopsticks than on cleansed consciences, inveighs more vehemently against flies than against sin, and devotes more research to the culture of rice and turnips than of the fruits of the Spirit. Its objectives are all worthy and pressing but let the missionary in whose hands are the everlasting life or condemnation of souls by the million keep his head and his sense of proportion.

There may be implicit, moreover, in the "rural" fad the confession that we have failed in the cities. Whether this confession be really implicit or not, the fact is—we have. One marvels that after a century and a third of Protestant missions the enlightened, newspaper reading, up-and-coming populations of China's great urban centers know so little of the meaning of Christianity. Unless the rural program takes on a little more definitely Christian color we shall have to admit by the time the fad swings round to urban work that we are as powerless in the one sphere as in the other.

Descending the southern slope of a great mountain green with scrub bamboo and beautiful with flowers we proceeded down a narrow valley strikingly different from North China. An occasional palm tree symbolized the change. This valley became both narrower and shallower until passing a great irrigation project in process of construction we entered the Hanchung plain. There is a fork in the highway and most of the Szechwan traffic misses Hanchung city by about fifteen miles.

It is a beautiful plain, said to be oppressively hot in summer. When I passed through, the rape was in flower and such rape—as tall as a man—I had never seen in North China. The Chinese, who use no butter and drink no milk, derive nearly all the fat in their food from vegetables. The most prized is pressed out of sesame seed and is called "fragrant oil" but probably the most commonly used oil is pressed from the rape seed and goes by the common name of *ts'ai yu,* "vegetable oil." Boiled dishes are less common on the Chinese table than might be supposed. Little other than rice or millet gruel is boiled. Much bread and even most of the rice is steamed. Side dishes of chopped meats and vegetables, various kinds and many styles, are made to order in about two minutes over a hot fire in a thin cast-iron skillet shaped like an egg-cap and about a foot and a half in diameter. The first ingredient placed in the skillet is a quantity of oil poured in the center of the sizzling pan. That's where the *ts'ai yu* comes in.

The people of the Hanchung valley go stockingless in sandals and wear a length of black cloth tied about the head like a turban, which is not done by the northern Chinese. I noticed too that the gowns of working men were long, whereas in the north a man at work dresses in a short jacket, plain or wadded, according to the season. Scholars look exactly alike in the matter of dress, including cap, North and South.

The houses of the Hanchung plain are more southern than northern. The tiles of the roofs are lighter in weight and darker in color and are placed right on the rafters, whereas in the north tiles are anchored in two inches of mud spread over a matting of reeds on the rafters. Roofs rest not on walls but on a framework of upright poles. One might almost say that in the south walls are an afterthought, added to render windproof a house already rainproof. Deeper eaves indicate more rainfall. Southern houses lack the solid look of northern houses and consequently looked to me more picturesque.

We drove up the valley to a gorge where a great dam is being erected under the direction of China's foremost river conservancy engineer. Since iron and cement are difficult to obtain in these parts under the present circumstances, the work is all in blocks of granite. I noticed that the highway followed pretty closely an old trail for carriers and pedestrians. It was narrow but laid with stones and guarded at short intervals by square watch-

towers placed at such points of vantage as to command a view of nearly every foot of the trail. Modern engineers with maps and theodolites have not departed widely from the course laid out by roadbuilders who, well, who knows when they lived. The towers are now in disrepair but they give the lovely valley a touch of ancient romance, symbolizing an old order which, while primitive in some respects, was marvelously advanced in others. It is a matter of record that imperial posts "flew" over that trail just a trifle slower than do present-day Chungking-Paochi mail trucks. Perhaps the ancient sentries sang some song like "The Watch on the Han"!

At last we had proceeded so far up the valley that the river, which in maximum flood is to the floodwaters of the Yellow river as eight is to five, might in this upland region be led through a barrel or two.

Two or three great ranges separate the headwaters of the Han from the Chialing river. Up the hairpin turns labored the rubber-tired cotton carts, special teams being attached on the steepest climbs. At the top, where a single *fan p'u tze* or two in the cold mists guarded the pass, these extra teams were unhitched and taken by the ancient and quicker path down to the bottom. To me there seemed to be a certain lightness of labor done about these returning draught horses with the lines thrown loosely over them.

Kwangyuan is the chief mushroom city between

Paochi and Chengtu. By its direct waterway to Chungking it taps by far the larger part of the freight that comes over the highway. The rolling country south of Kwangyuan on the road to Chengtu is in my judgment the prettiest of all that I saw in West China. Mountains to the north are a bit fantastic, as if a strong southeast wind had blown enormous waves of countryside in that direction which solidified and never again changed. Closer are the hills, of more moderate size and shape and somewhat wooded. Lovely fields in the valleys support the villages of the Szechwanese and an occasional city with its encircling wall. The city walls are less formidable than in the north, suggesting a milder inhabitant.

When the hills are left behind, one has reached the Chengtu plain.

This is a spot to be remembered! The whole of the plain is one great garden, fertile and prolific. Its unbounded productiveness is due to a variety of factors. The soil must, by the very results, be good. The rivers which issue from the mountains, notably the Min at Kwanhsien, have been artificially divided into a network with subdivisions so minute as to suggest the arterial and capillary systems of the body, each cell, each unit of a single paddy patch, getting its needed supply of water. A tremendous population does the gardening. Szechwan is populous, but not as New York or Pittsburgh with people housed one above another in tall buildings or crowded together in steel mills.

The nearest thing to Occidental industry until recent years would be, I suppose, the salt wells in the Chukent'an area; but they employ only a drop in the population bucket.

In Szechwan industry is home industry or gardening and though there are many and populous cities the population is spread out (or concentrated) with wonderful uniformity. I say gardening rather than farming because holdings in China are incredibly small—a mere acre or even a fraction thereof is very common—and the attention given them is so minute and meticulous that "farming," although the staples include grain, scarcely conveys the right idea. For instance, the rice plant is set down in the mud, a hill at a time, by hand and the hills are only eight inches apart. What family with even a dozen children could *hand*le a 160-acre farm growing rice?

There are also other reasons. The Chinese, it seems to me, know so much about gardening that except for certain special innovations and improvements, as the introduction of new and better seeds, they have already obtained just about optimum results. I don't see how anyone can hope to get much more out of the Chengtu plain than is now obtained. But I speak entirely as a layman.

Last summer a sanitation and soil fertilization expert in North China explained to me that there are two ways of conserving and applying night soil to the fields. North China, where every burden is carried or wheeled, must use, with a heavy pen-

alty, the "dry method." In South China with its amazingly complete system of waterways, where in certain areas virtually every hamlet and almost every field can be reached by boat, conservation is perfect. Latrines are tanks, and ill-smelling boats start off from population centers on schedules perfected centuries ago. I met this same expert unexpectedly in Chungking on my journey through. He will have unlimited scope in seeking to enhance the attractiveness of Szechwan villages and to stamp out avenues of cholera and typhoid infection, but he is too good an economist to want to destroy the system.

Szechwan cities arrest a newcomer from the North with their manifest well-being. I remember being struck, as we rolled through Kuanghan, the last *hsien* city on the way to Chengtu, by the affluence and ease of the teeming city. Southern cities, where the climate is always mild and where banditry has not existed with the formidably organized violence from which northern cities have suffered so much, seem to receive you more directly to the heart. Movements are more facile, life is a little more genial, and people live better. Restaurants, which in the North hang a cut of pork, half a *pai-tsai* cabbage, and three onions on an iron hook as bait for customers, in Szechwan display a most tempting array of delicacies on modern china tier on tier and almost out on the street. The number and the accommodation of the teashops with their scores of low, bamboo armchairs make one

wonder how people have the time and the money to sit around. I was told folks might even go to a teashop early enough to wash the face—basin, towel, and piping-hot water—and stay all day. For many individuals the teashop is their business address.

The language of Szechwan is sufficiently different from that of North China to be in effect a foreign tongue, the colloquial Szechwanese. I mean to say that unless a new arrival makes an effort to get its meaning the talk of the street fails to register. But when the Szechwanese tried to speak clearly I got the meaning. Preaching I understood almost to the word and I believe I was understood when I preached. I found the Szechwanese variations from the mandarin fascinating and pleasantly like the speech of Hupeh—the two provinces being, of course, particularly close neighbors. In the mountains to the southwest live the various aboriginal tribes. The Han Jen, the Men of Han, that is the racially Chinese, refer to these tribes under various names and describe them as *Man*—"barbarian." I told a gentleman in Szechwan that in Honan we called the Szechwanese *Man Tze* and he was surprised. The fact is, of course, that we in Honan are in turn *Man Tze* to the people of Hopei, obviously a very unjust charge! Each area is *Man* to another nearer Peking, the fount of the purest dialect, the official dialect of the Empire and the most acceptable speech of the Republic.

I spent just over a week in Chengtu with hos-

pitable people in one of the China Inland Mission compounds. Unlike most of the great South China cities, Chengtu is not on any large river; the Min is divided into too many canals around it. The streets are quite regular except that the Manchu city in the center is set at an angle to the rest, throwing some of the streets off. (In China the ideal city, and courtyard, and house, and even a correctly placed table, is true to the compass and looks to the south.) Street life was exceedingly busy and all sorts of articles were being made. Articles that needed drying in the process of manufacture were sunned right on the side of the street. A part of the city had been bombed but aside from this there was scarcely anything to indicate that China at that time had been four years at war. Except that in some cities, notably Chungking, air-raid shelters are numerous, this is true to a remarkable degree of all unoccupied China.

Chengtu is a great center for Christian missions and there are several compounds with imposing setups. The Canadians have a large hospital work with others cooperating and a well-equipped press, certainly one of the finest in West China. I visited a beautiful church in Occidental style on an afternoon when a group of nurses was being graduated and again in the evening of the weekly prayer meeting of the foreign community, one of the largest missionary communities in China.

Biggest mission enterprise in Chengtu is the West China Union University with a large campus,

many buildings, and a great building program going on at the time of my visit. Several missions cooperated before the war and since the war began several refugee universities have been moved to the campus. Occupying in part old buildings, in part new, and in part handy quarters slapped together remarkably quickly, economically, and serviceably, are Cheeloo University of Tsinan, in Shantung, Nanking University, and Ginling Women's College of Nanking. These are all mission institutions. A fourth West China guest is the medical department of the government Central University.

Sunday morning I attended services in the chapel. There is something attractive about a university chapel with faculty and students in attendance. The gathering was not small; I cannot say what part it was of the combined enrollment. The fairly new and musically excellent Hymns of Universal Praise was in use and a choir under a foreign woman director led the singing. The address was delivered by a former Y. M. C. A. secretary now in charge of military hospital work. He was dressed in uniform including leather boots, spoke with an air of great self-confidence on the application to practical life of Christian principles, and was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Just off the campus is a theological school with the enrollment not far from a hundred, a young institution according to its present setup and cooperated in by the Nanking Theological Seminary. I heard an interesting lecture on eyes by a

genial Hopkins-trained Cantonese ophthalmologist on my visit to this school.

Near the Canadian compound I found an agency of the China Bible House, representing both the British and Foreign and the American Bible societies in China. Stocks were so depleted through demand and difficulties of transportation that the only two Bibles this agency had left were *wenli*, the classically literary text. However, I found First or Second Corinthians being printed in one of the rooms of the Canadian Press on my visit to that institution. A thrill came over me as I identified the stack of print as the Word of God.

My host, Mr. Kerry, was doing a great work in an advantageously situated street chapel inside the North Gate. I was happy to have the opportunity of taking part a night or two. The missionaries have found this a worth while work. Not only do stragglers casually drop in; individuals have been seen to cross the street diagonally and to make straight for the hall in order to hear the Gospel. Certain nights of the week the Chinese Christians themselves take charge of the street chapel meetings.

The day of the famous Kwanhsien ceremonies happened to fall in the week that I was in Chengtu and I made the forty-mile journey northwest to take it in.

The wonderful irrigation system of the Chengtu plain is credited to two men, father and son, who lived in the hoary past and who conceived and car-

ried out the plan of tapping the Min river just where it issues out of the lofty western mountains at Kwanhsien. Annually the cut in the river bank is stopped up for quite some time while big and small channels are cleaned out, lest the system be destroyed by choked courses and rising streambeds. This must be done so thoroughly that an iron plate which lies somewhere on the bottom must be exposed before the job is considered done. Once in sixty years a particularly thorough overhaul is carried out. When all has been done, amid ceremonies and a vast concourse of people the sluice is opened and the waters which are the life of the plain race down the channels. A temple stands on the north bank of the river where the celebrated father and son are worshipped in effigy. The ceremony of the "Opening of the Waters" used to be of dominating importance, high and low congregating from everywhere to witness it. Lately other matters have tended to take the spotlight, yet the degree of interest exhibited this very year was surprising.

I proceeded to the city the day before the ceremony and spent the night in a temple with a particularly beautiful setting in the mountains far above the city, Ling-ai-shan. It is now used in part as a Bible school. My host was a refugee acquaintance from the occupied part of Honan who started out for the West not knowing whither he went. He was led to join the Bible school as a teacher and is enthusiastic over the importance of the work. He apologized for the simplicity of the evening

meal, which we shared with the twenty-some students, including a few girl students, but it was good and all that we needed: rice, and a kind of bean by way of side dish.

Principal of this school is a leading Chinese Christian, the Reverend Chia Yu Ming, an exceedingly competent dogmatician and a former member of a couple of theological faculties.

On the great day, school was dismissed that the students might go down to the city and evangelize the throngs gathered for the ceremony. First there was a chapel service at the end of which the Reverend Mr. Chia indicated briefly the order for the day and pointed out the remarkable spiritual parable in the "Opening of the Waters." I dallied on the mountain first in talking to two Tibetan students from Sikang about missions in their province and then in an interview with the principal himself, who was unusually cordial for a first meeting, and so arrived in the city after the ceremony was over and the waters had started to flow. But setting out for the scene of the ceremony through a jostling crowd of returning participants I was able to judge the scope of the event even though it was over.

I passed an almost endless stream of people on my side of the river and the other shore had its throngs. In the famous temple I was surprised by the "class" of the worshippers. Far from being restricted to the rustic, idolatry in Szechwan is practiced by the rich and the cultured as well. Seeing

them kneeling and worshipping in that temple I felt a class of people was represented which in Honan would not be associated quite that readily with the grosser forms of heathendom.

The scene of the actual Opening of the Waters had its own interest.

In China bamboo is the universal plant. It is both eaten (bamboo shoots) and eaten with (chopsticks); it is worn on the head (hats) and on the body (rain coats); it is traveled on by land (palanquin affairs that you climb into to be carried by two men) and by water (rafts). It is slept on (beds) and slept in (not bamboo blankets but bamboo houses). It is worked with (a great variety of implements) and played on (a variety of musical instruments). You comb your hair with a bamboo comb and some occasionally scratch their backs with a tiny bamboo rake. The ancients even used bamboo as a writing tablet and numbers of such tablets were bound together into bamboo books. The ordinary way in West China to bring home a quart of vinegar is in a bamboo bottle. An especially interesting use of the bamboo is that to which it is put by construction foremen. This supple, overgrown grass is to the old-fashioned Chinese engineer what steel is to his modern counterpart. At Kwanhsien a suspension bridge hundreds of feet long (in sections) hangs on bamboo cables four inches in diameter.

But far more novel and significant than even this is the use the ancient hydraulic engineers have

made of the bamboo, making it take the place not only of steel but also of cement. The considerable Kwanhsien canals are lined and banked with rock. They have to be to take care of the torrents that come roaring down. The "masonry" is done in bamboo and round stones from the river bed. The bamboo is woven very loosely into long cylinders a couple of feet in diameter. These are placed side by side wherever needed and filled with rocks of all sizes and shapes. That's all. The bamboo holds the rocks together and the rocks hold the whole thing down. The finished job is wonderfully neat and strong for a time, for the bamboo rots and the whole process must be done over. They have continued to do this at Kwanhsien every year since the Lis, father and son, started the whole thing.

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Our Lutheran missions have been urged by the Chinese constituency to follow the example of other missions in East China in starting a work in the West. Sikang province has especially been suggested to us. After returning to Chengtu I took the weekly bus for Yaan (Yah onn), a city formerly belonging to Szechwan but recently *hua-ed* (allocated by demarcation) to Sikang.

The bus, the one on which I met the lama, was the most crowded I have ever been on. Actually the only bus features about it were the tickets and the schedule, and to the latter it proved very faithless. The truck was intended to take only thirty

passengers, but more, including myself, insisted on riding along and such was the insistence that when the bus rolled out of the station we were by actual count more than half a hundred aboard besides some large pieces on the bottom which looked like freight and also much baggage. It is one of the admirable characteristics and also one of the signal weaknesses of the Chinese that they are amenable to what they call "good talk." No situation in China can fail of being transmuted, quite cleared away, or at least improved by "good talk." One of the chief offenses we white men give the suave, reasonable, and highly socialized Chinese is by our unreasoning intransigence. But while the Chinese have developed the social graces of parley and compromise to the point where they are the most pleasant people on earth to deal with, they have also developed their graces to the point where they fail to be rigid when they ought.

The ride became distressingly tedious. As mentioned before, that forgotten tool made us wait nearly twenty-four hours thirty miles out of Chengtu. As we men passengers walked to the nearby *hsien* city we crossed a river where an interesting battery of ten water-wheels was grinding blocks of cypress wood to pulp by rubbing them back and forth upon slabs of rock set in a gravel bank of the river. The pulp was pressed into cheese-like discs and dried on racks that fenced in the tiny community of factory families. I asked what it was for and was told that it was *hsiang*, incense.

More ingenuity was shown in the making of *hsiang* which they burn before false gods, thought I, than in the running of the bus.

But when the flat had been repaired and a change or two effected, we made very good time. And this bus trip was not representative. The service is often all that it needs to be. Chinese fellow passengers apologize with a touching civility for the inconveniences of travel and remind the traveler that the same mode is much better in his own land. In such situations it would be only courteous to point out that improvement is really being made. Merely as man to man the Chinese have so many lovable qualities. When in addition one considers that God has made them of one blood with ourselves though with their own bounds of habitation, that they should seek after the Lord if haply they might find Him—find Him whom to know is forgiveness and life and eternal salvation, who *can* be found and by all the assurances of the blessed Gospel is to be found right now—there stir within one feelings which our wretched selves sense must be of the kindling of the Divine Spirit.

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The latter part of the road to Yaan is over decidedly hilly terrain and is policed in parts by soldiers. Beyond Minghsien it enters the high and picturesque mountains of the boundless West. It was after dark when we drove into the bus station where passengers and baggage had to be accounted

for to the inspectors before passing a barrier. Porters are small boys and women. A block or two farther on we had to cross the Ya river on a singular bridge of floating bamboo bundles fastened to a rope or cable and covered with a woven bamboo surface strangely unsubstantial to walk on and yet thoroughly satisfactory. It was still some distance to the city gate and beyond that still a bit of a walk to the *Shih Tze Chieh*—"Character Ten (Cross) Street," center of all Chinese cities. Turning to the left I reached the Baptist compound where I was hospitably received by a Mr. Vichert. Later we discovered that he had been on board ship with my mother and sister.

My stay in Yaan was brief, but it was my fortune to meet a couple of individuals who knew the country well and were very helpful in answering my questions about the general state of things and the opportunities for mission work. Some of the findings I include in a later part of this account.

One day I crossed a small river south of the city and climbed a mountain from which one has a magnificent view of eastern Sikang including snow covered mountain ranges and the great Minya Gungka eighty or ninety miles to the west as the crow flies and more than twenty-four thousand feet high. An adventurer climbed it some years ago but froze his feet so that the local missionary surgeon, Dr. Krook, had to amputate them.

While in Yaan a telegram arrived from two American Embassy secretaries who were out on a

long journey and intended to raft down the river. They arrived on a Tuesday evening and on Wednesday I joined their company down the Ya.

We were eight rafts that proceeded downstream together. When we reached the rubbery bridge I had crossed a few nights before, it turned out to be a kind of drawbridge, letting us all through, one at a time with little delay.

In high water and on a special run these rafts make good records for speed. But as the water was now so low that we had to use several interesting but time-consuming artificial chutes, and as our raft was a combination of passengers and freight (corn from the hillsides of Sikang) we were several days on this inland voyage. One of the secretaries did not relish the food on the raft and went pretty much hungry until a chicken was procured in one of the interesting Szechwan towns along the river. This he prepared deliciously with his own hands. The diplomats left us Saturday morning for a journey to the top of Omei Shan, a lone mountain ten thousand feet high and famous in China as the center of Buddhism.

Although individual bamboo tubes which make up the raft are all large, about four inches in diameter, they differ just enough in size to make it perilous to drop small articles, which may slip through. The night before my fellow-passengers' departure, while I was getting ready to go to bed on our common bunk, a sort of platform raised above the reach of the waves, my watch fell out

of the pocket and disappeared through one of those crevices.

Fortunately we were moored to the shore. I thought of jumping in but desisted and lay down heavy hearted. After a while I got up and stuck one of the punting poles down as a marker. The bottom was rocky. I lay down again but had a fear in my heart that the rafts might move and in so doing move my marker. I rose again, found a rope belonging to one of the diplomats, went ashore for a rock, and tied to the stone a wooden ladle from the ship's galley to serve as an immovable marker.

I was up early; I moved the raft to one side and it was all very simple. The watch lay visible on a clear bottom and I picked it up on a second or third try.

The event gave me immense satisfaction. The watch ran but soon required a furlough. In Rangoon, more than a month later, a Mission Press employee got me in touch with a sidewalk jeweler who exhibited a very fine testimonial from an Englishman. He did a fine job of making good the damage caused by my carelessness.

Some distance above Kiating our raft sped down a stretch of rapids where the front collided with a junk being towed upstream. The boss on the boat was clearly not awake to his job and had turned his bows into the stream not noticing our bamboo toboggan racing down ahead. Rafts take the damage every time, being far too flimsy for such an encounter. Most of the twenty-five great bamboos

which turned up in a handsome bow at the front were "smithered." That was the end of the accident, fortunately, but only the beginning of the wrangle. Our captain clearly wanted damages and proceeded to take the luckless mariner in tow. But before doing that he put aboard the junk a prize crew from among his own seven men who started to row her down stream. Chinese stick fast in their loyalties. The tow gang on shore immediately took the part of the boat when they saw what was happening to her, while downstream a raft which had safely made the rapids stopped to give us the support of its voices. The tow gang on shore could do nothing but yell and follow downstream on foot.

Some distance down we came to a village where the two rafts and the prize ship put to shore. A conference under the presidency of the local headman followed. Presumably both sides had their advocates. Someone came down to the water's edge to survey and appraise the damage. Then suddenly and quietly the conference came to an end and the raft resumed the journey without the boat. But we had taken on a local politico or two. I had gathered that our captain was demanding a fifty-fifty partition of damages; that the matter would be threshed out by the raftsman's guild vs. the boatman's guild; that failing acquiescence in the terms they would go to court. I also learned that there is a code of navigation on the river and that both were at fault.

Kiating (Jah ding) is also called Loshan. The

duplicity of Chinese names is confusing to anyone. For instance, I did not know that Chungking is called Pahsien until I arrived there. Under the Manchus a system of administration was set up by which the mandarin of a *chow* (djoe) city usually had rule over several *hsien* cities and the prefect of a *fu* (foo) city in turn governed several *chow* areas. When the Manchu yoke was thrown off cities were placed theoretically on an equal footing and the *chow* and *fu* names yielded to ancient *hsien* names that were unearthed. Officially Chungking-fu became Pahsien. But the old names continue in use; in fact one hears farmers in the countryside using only the part presumably most objectionable: "It's thirty li to the *chow*" or "He left for the *fu* yesterday afternoon."

Kiating is beautifully situated, practically on three rivers, the Ya, down which I had come, the Ta Tu, in the valley of which is Kangting, the capital of Sikang, and the Min of Kwanhsien and Chengtu. I arrived there the day before Easter.

In Kiating I met two Honan friends, one a Mr. Li, son of our saintly Yühsien deacon. He had been attending Central China College in Wuchang. opposite Hankow, when that school started a succession of dodges because of the occupation. Now he is a research scholar in physics in the Wuhan University on an American Boxer Indemnity Fund stipend and was working on the cosmic ray at the time of my visit.

The Chinese universities have naturally been

centers of nationalism in a land that until recently had little nationalism. Through the ages China to the Chinese was the only country in the world, and as nationalism is sharpened by contradistinction to other nationalisms Chinese nationalism didn't have a chance to arise, just as nobody pits earth-citizenship against Mars or Jupiter citizenship. Instead literal provincialism and the smaller loyalties held sway. In the last few decades, however, China has developed a nationalism by virtue of the sudden and rude appearance of other nations on the scene. It has been promoted chiefly by the schools; in fact, at one stage the schools were far more patriotic than the government itself. Nearly all the universities were located in what is now occupied China. As centers of nationalism their free existence in occupied China was precarious second only to that of the Central government and they have almost without exception moved into interior China. They have had to endure inconvenience and trouble first on the road, transportation on the crowded steamers and over tortuous roads being what it was, and then in their new quarters upon arrival, these being perhaps nothing more than old temples. Quarters are apt to be distressingly cramped in these refugee campuses but in compensation for the deficiency, scholarship becomes forcibly dissociated from a lot of bricks and mortar which too often are regarded as the essence of a school. Undoubtedly some earnest and deep research is being conducted in quarters which in our own land

would hardly pass for the accommodation of a consolidated country school. Of course in the physical sciences these conditions may and undoubtedly do involve a real drawback. But even in that department there is a will and a way. When I came through Hsiakwan an enormous case weighing a ton and containing a glass blowing unit for the physics laboratories of one of the Yunnan refugee universities was being loaded on a truck for transshipment. It was so heavy that it took both applied physics and a gang of coolies to get it on the truck.

The change involved for the West is epochal. Kweichow province with its millions of inhabitants had until lately only one high school, located in Kweiyang, the capital. It now has half a dozen colleges and universities. Szechwan has a couple score of them, probably not all of them top notch but certainly some of them high grade. One admires the loyalty and determination with which students and faculties have held together. Yet school loyalty at times tends to be just a bit too strong. When three universities occupy the same campus and are nominally united the tendency is still to have three presidents and three deans.

The water being low, Kiating was not served by steam launches when I came through. In their absence one takes a salt boat. These are boarded some forty li downstream at Chukent'an (Djoo Gun Tonn) and in three hours this distance can be made by ricksha over a beautiful motor road along the north bank of the Min.

Midway I passed a district more like Pittsburgh, though only faintly suggestive of it, than anything I have seen in China except the smelting works of Hanyang. It is the salt wells. The noteworthy thing is that they are not new but exceedingly ancient, I suppose about as ancient as the use of salt. I stopped about an hour to examine what must have been a typical well.

The establishment was housed in a fairly narrow factory about three or four hundred feet long. At either end was a rather high derrick. In the center three or four fast water buffaloes raced a large, huge framework drum around its upright axis. Nearly naked drivers with whip in hand followed the beasts and kept them at a speed unusual for such animals. Wound and unwound on the great drum were more than a thousand feet of bamboo tape. Bamboo has tremendous tensile strength and strips of it tied well together will hold any weight if they are not made to pass over too small a pulley. The lines of bamboo led from the drum in the center of the factory to the extremities of the building where they passed over pulleys to bamboo chambers about four inches in diameter and fifty feet long which rose or descended, according to the direction the water buffaloes turned the central drum in wooden tubes built deep into the ground. The wells were between one and two thousand feet deep. Once at the top, the derrick steadying it out of the wooden tube, the bamboo cylinder was tapped by raising the plunger of a valve at the bottom through the in-

sertion of a suitable tool, at which a great quantity of brine shot forth and flowed by gravity into tanks and vats which were heated by coal burning furnaces for the boiling off of all the water. The salt scraped off the castiron vats (six feet in diameter) was parcelled and weighed, presumably for delivery to the Salt Gabelle, which has the monopoly of the sale of salt in China and is one of the government's chief sources of revenue. The depth of the wells, in view of the processes of digging anciently available to the Chinese, is remarkable.

The taxing of salt I feel is deplorable. Salt is terribly high priced in China and many people have to do almost without it. If bread were taxed the pangs of hunger would still make it the last thing one would forego whereas the hunger for salt being of a less acute kind people do try to do without it when they might find some way of procuring it if they realized its indispensability. But again I speak as a layman.

At Suifu (Sway foo), or Ipin (Ee pin), I spent only one night and arose early the next morning that I might catch the steamer for Chungking. The descent down the flight of stone steps to the landing hulk was a long one, much longer than the river-front stairway in Kiating. The situation of the city on a flatiron peninsula between two magnificent rivers, the Min and the Chinsha, or Yangtze, is wonderful and I regretted that the speedy little steamer receded downstream too fast to give me a satisfying look.

Upper Yangtze steamers are all as a matter of course very powerful and fast. If they weren't they would all disappear downstream and never return up-current again! You travel cabin or deck and in either case get your board. Meals are very tasty. Passengers are served eight to a setting in whatever part of deck they find themselves at mealtime. Table boys bring bowls and chopsticks and place four bowls of vegetable side dishes on a stool in the center of the group in addition to an extra bowl of broth of which the guests pour a spoonful or two on each dish of rice. The rice itself comes in a wooden bucket and is appropriated steaming hot, and dry (that is, not of the consistency of porridge) with a wooden ladle. Hearty eaters ask for a refilling of this bucket. The vegetable side dishes, though each different and all tasty, one or two being done in oil, fail to satisfy all. Those who want meat either have had the foresight to bring aboard a little package of sliced beef or pork or order it extra from the galley. "Chowed" slices of sausage were the only kind available the day we boarded the ship. Guests are all civil and polite but you have to eat fast! At one stage I elbowed into a different group, was overwhelmed with hospitality. When I demurred to help myself to a little extra fare one of my fellow passengers insisted on placing a very tasty stack of slices in my bowl.

By far the majority are deck passengers. Decks can be made very comfortable. Belongings are spread out on the steel of the deck (a mat or oil-

cloth underneath, however) two square yards of brightly colored bedding for a passenger. Shoes stand neatly to one side and an ornamented thermos bottle or some other article lies near the pillow. The nimble Chinese do far better sitting crosslegged by the hour than we clumsy Occidentals and the journey is in every respect highly pleasurable.

We stopped at Hochiang (Huh jeeahng) for the only night enroute to Chungking. I went ashore in this tremendously active mart and inquired for the locale of a mission which has just lately extended its sphere to West China and had manned a place in this city with a team of workers. A polite gentleman on the street told me that he had been attending the meetings of this group, who had, however, quit their quarters after a dreadful bombing of the city and were now a few li out of town. Inside the walled city I stepped into a barber shop and attracted the attention of the children of the neighborhood which would suggest that foreigners are not a common sight in even some of the busiest centers of the province.

At Luchow (Loo Djoe), important with a new significance as the outlet of a new and alternative highway from Yunnan, eliminating Kweiyang, we stopped for an hour or two. I went ashore and took a look at the dreadfully devastated city. Szechwan is far from the front but its big cities lie helpless under fleets of bombers. Returning to the boat I met a missionary who had come down to the land-

ing to inquire about the arrival of a steamer and who told me he was encouraged by recent evidences of blessing in his labors.

After many more turns one is in the environs of Chungking itself. The shore gets more interesting. On the north bank is the imposing stonework of a railroad right of way with difficult alternate fills and bridges. Factories appear, skillfully camouflaged. One has entered a new industrial area. At one point the steep and rocky bank under some kind of industrial establishment is being tunneled into a series of caves as if an underground department were being opened. Farther downstream one comes upon the van of the city's endless fleet of junks moored to the bank, then the airport on a low-water sand beach, the petroleum installations, the paved inclines of the ferry crossing, McKinnon Mackenzie warehouses, then passing right by the heart of Chungking, with a multitude of houses high above the water, round the promontory between the two rivers, and up the Chialing river a hundred yards or so, one steps from the boat to the landing at the foot of a formidable flight of steps.

Chungking is a great city but great without the grandeur of northern imperial cities. It is great because here at the confluence of two great rivers there is much business to do. All over the top of the rugged promontory are houses. Even out on the sides overhanging the rocky channels gouged out by the mighty rivers cluster houses, the lowest of them on poles set into the vertical rock. When the

waters rise some ninety feet and swirl underneath these houses they must wish for room to crawl farther up. In such circumstances it is obvious that the original streets ran wherever there was room, but some have been greatly widened and straightened and the devastating bombings have given free hand to city planning and the laying of fine streets in sweeping curves. Great modern bank buildings were going up when I came through.

The climate of the city is one of its drawbacks normally, but war has made of it an asset. The air is humid and of the sky, much of the time, one cannot even say that it is overcast; it is a sort of haziness that settles down over the city. One cannot go any place without sweating. An errand to the South Bank, where the American Embassy is, or to any other place requiring descent to the river bed makes a person just dripping. An Embassy friend said that his household of four gentlemen required three coolies just to keep its water supply up and that these water coolies climb some 490 steps in making the ascent from the river level. However, his residence is admittedly a little high. At the ferry landings bearers, two to a light unit of two bamboo poles with the simplest of bamboo seats between them, offer to carry people to the top. Fortunately, some fine broad stone stairways have been built but even so the men need to be surefooted. At the top it is possible for rickshas and other vehicles to operate.

Not only does one sweat in Chungking; because

of the dampness one feels cold the moment one stops sweating. This disagreeableness of the weather has its effect on people's health. Tuberculosis is about twice as prevalent as in the north. In the cases demanding medical treatment, it comes next after first aid. But if Chungking had the fair weather of Chengtu with consequent visibility it would be bombed even more.

During my ten days in Chungking there was not even an alarm. However, one sees cave-shelters at every turn, I suppose the best in the world, hewn out of the solid rock of the city. There are many public shelters and in addition many people have their private bombproofs. The C. I. M. where I stayed (it was managed by the Tomkinsons, Honan friends and neighbors who were forced out of their station in occupied China) has a fine shelter with two openings, one on each side of the corner of a cliff. Seats inside provide a degree of comfort during longer waits for the "all clear." Some public shelters, I was told, were in reality long tunnels connecting different parts of the city with one another. These were locked except when the alarm went off.

All these cities have their refugees. What the total number of war refugees is I have no idea. Someone has ventured a guess of sixty million. Whatever the number of those who have temporarily fled from city to country or from plains to foothills to escape the hazards of battle or bombardment or the first shock of investiture, to suppose that those

who have picked up and left their homes for West China or even another province number sixty million is a gross exaggeration. Yet, while this number would be an arithmetic exaggeration such are the limitations of an individual's grasp of the woes his fellowmen endure that even with this figure the totality of hardship and suffering does not begin to be sensed. To the Eye that has traced the tragic trail of each refugee across the plains of Honan, the mountains of Kiangsi, or up the Gorges of the Yangtze, bundled-down or bundleless, shoeless, and penniless, the figure is both known and real.

Once the normal order is disrupted dangers simply crop out all over and beset the people at every turn. People fleeing out of one of our Honan cities for fear the place would be raided were robbed by bandits in the country. When they returned they found that thieves had been in their city homes in the meantime.

Those who have covered the greatest distances and arrived in the West are naturally those who have had some wealth or position. For the rest even in normal times a short journey involves difficulty. In the panic of invasion when rickshas and carts are liable to be commandeered, one must walk with no more than one can himself carry on the road or else pay fancy prices.

Having arrived at last in a safe (i. e., safer) place these refugees find that the influx of others like themselves has boosted rentals and other costs.

This plus the depreciation of the currency (their savings and capital) means that all but the fabulously wealthy must do something, turn their funds over and over again to keep them from shrinking, or else live off some relative in official employ and on an up-to-date payroll. Refugees have increased the number of consumers in the West, but many of them have also contributed exactly that capital, enterprise, and experience which the West has been needing. Many are making good and will stay; many on the other hand long for the day when they can return down river. Home, the family, and the community mean much to the Chinese. In distant communities they will naturally *hsiang chia,* "think home."

The Chinese have a glaring vice by which they do themselves great unkindness: their provincialism or clannishness. Their own expression is *p'ai wai,* "resist the outsider." Even a man from the next hsien, thirty miles away, to say nothing of the man from the next province, is an outsider. Despite this the Chinese, especially those in business, have traveled far and widely but when away they seek out their own kind and organize a *tung hsiang huei,* "same locality association." I lived two years in a Honan city where there were thirteen such locality clubs with their own elaborate association quarters, such as the Shansi club and the Kwangtung club. The rise of nationalism and the whole change to modernity will alter this but it is still strong.

This is one of the things which sometimes makes life bitter for the poor refugee. He is a "down river" man and the local people are out to "skin" him. He must have come with a lot of money to have come at all, and he is being skinned right along. In Kweichow a foreigner told me he felt this unkindness of Chinese to Chinese was so great that he, an Australian, received better treatment from the local people than did their down-river compatriots. There is absorption, but it is in spite of a deep-seated Chinese aversion to out-of-the-province people. Yet it is only fair to say that there is not only absorption of refugees but also much genuine humanity and kindness. Many refugees owe their very existence to food, shelter, and employment given them by strangers of another province.

The Central Government is itself a refugee and it too has taken refuge in the West in the face of *p'ai wai*. The Szechwanese are an independent lot and have deep convictions in the matter of Szechwan for the Szechwanese. But the Government has handled its case with strength and astuteness. The provincial is receding before the national.

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To a missionary the chief thing in the West is mission work and the state of the Church. They are of chief importance whether anyone realizes it or not. But he does, and is expected to, recognize

it. One of the chief benefits of an extended journey is that one cannot fail to be impressed with something of the magnificent scope and divine vigor of the Church; the lone Christian turns out to be but one in seven thousand and the seven thousand only a part of many million who serve the God of Elijah. My trip was too hurried to allow for thorough observation of even a small part of what I should like to have seen. Yet something was seen and heard and experienced that has the tone of the whole including the far larger part which even a hundred years would never suffice to appreciate adequately.

The West has been open since the time that the rest of inland China, that is, all but a few square kilometers of treaty ports "Concessions," was marvelously opened to the missionary. That opening is one of the curiosities of history. While tradesmen stayed cooped up in the Concessions, missionaries were given the run of the land. It is said that a priest translator for the French negotiators slipped the clause of destiny into the French version of a treaty of some eighty years ago. What the zealous interpreter won for the Roman Catholic French became the common property of missionary nationals of many countries by the "most favored nation clause," a strange misnomer actually denoting the "no favored nation clause," which allowed to the other nations in such treaty relationship what any nation enjoyed. Whatever the dubious legality of the provision and despite the deplorable

inequality of the treaties (which are on the docket to go very soon) they opened China to the Gospel. Nevertheless what was granted (or was alleged to have been granted) at one stroke by the Foreign Office of the Imperial Government was locally denied for many decades by many mobs and many mandarins even down to recent years. In Yaan, Sikang province, I saw the birthplace of the greatest denier of them all, the Empress Dowager Tsu Hsi, who forty-one years ago tried to mobilize the whole nation in the desperate Boxer Uprising to eject everything foreign and everything Christian. Many missionaries and many more Chinese Christians were killed but it only put new life into the missionary movement.

The history of missions in China from 1860 on is one of bold penetration. Houseboats and sedan carts shielded from view over hundreds and thousands of miles some giants of faith and enterprise, giants by any measure, who when they looked out upon hostile or suspicious crowds did so with clear blue eyes, despite the fastidious correctness of their Chinese dress and the blackness of their queues. Hair was about the only thing a missionary could dye, and he did that only in the initial stages of the work. It is a tribute to the faith and vision of the chiefest of them, J. Hudson Taylor, that to this day far more stations in China as a whole and in West China in particular are occupied by members of his society than by those of any other. He even anticipated the Burma Road

by sending a man two generations ago to Bhamo, a little to the north of Lashio, the present terminus, to see if China could be penetrated from the west.

A contemporary of Taylor who did much to reach West China with the Gospel was another Englishman, Samuel Pollard. The most fruitful work in West China, that among "the tribes," or aborigines, is associated in a special degree with his name. These are only two from a great list of names past and present who have made the founding and the growth of the Church in West China their one object. As one travels from town to town visiting the missionaries, the aggregate impression of devotion and of love to the Lord and to the Cause He loves and to which He at the very right hand of God is devoted is one that fills the soul with wonderment. It is a big work and an unearthly work.

Even so the Church in the West is not in a good state. A statement in an essay by one of the co-editors of a West China symposium published in 1940 indicates this. It states that whereas in the last twenty years the Christian Church in China as a whole has increased by forty per cent the Church in Szechwan has not grown at all. The provincial superintendent of the largest and almost lone mission working in Kweichow province told me with great regret the deplorable fact that while there are about eight thousand Christian tribesmen in the province there are not even five hundred Christians of the Chinese race. He said this in the

very mission compound in which he had been born and was thus accounting for the efforts of many decades. The same superintendent* corroborated what two Christians whom I hunted up in an inn had said: that only about thirty out of more than eighty *hsien* in the province had been occupied. And he knows his province from A to Z. In traveling in the great province of Szechwan one is surprised at the great size and importance of the places in which there has never been a mission or, if there formerly was a work, it is now laid down. I understand that the Reverend Marcus Chen, a prominent figure in the Chinese Church, has asked in a recent issue of his *Evangelism Monthly* why the Church in Szechwan is in such an unsatisfactory condition. A well-informed lady missionary whose experience was largely West Szechwan told me that the East Szechwan district of her mission had been the more successful. But while there are some sunny spots in the landscape the hardness of the work and the meagerness of the results are admitted by West China missionaries themselves.

The analysis of so competent a man as the Reverend Marcus Chen, lately a resident of Szechwan (Wanhsien) himself, would be worth seeing. I submit the following for which I can at least claim that it is not original.

There are differences of soil; some soils are of such a composition that they demand far greater

*The late Mr. W. G. Windsor, crushed by a gasoline barrel in a fatal truck accident in October.

labor than those in which crops seem to grow almost of themselves. There are places where the missionary by some particular favor of God knows scarcely anything but the joys of harvest. Szechwan is one of the harder soils. While believing that God can transform even the rockiest soils and while praying that He may do so missionaries will have to grub away in Szechwan with the determination that even if He does not work the transformation, they will keep right on, plowing twelve inches deep if necessary where others plow only eight.

The Szechwanese have their own character. In witnessing to strangers whom I met in Szechwan I felt the response to be different from that to which I was used in Honan. But Honan is generally admitted to be a comparatively fruitful field. If one tries to analyze this hardness, this unresponsiveness, one or two things appear to be elemental in it. The Szechwanese are a particularly superstitious part of a superstitious nation. At the Kwanhsien ceremony I had seen idolatry which surprised me with my Honan standard of reference by reason of the social position of the worshippers. They were not only the illiterate country women. Yet I don't mean to say that superstition in Honan has more than just begun to yield. In China burials are accompanied by the burning of various paper objects. After the funeral at certain times and for an indefinite period, years and years, paper streamers attached to sticks are flown on the graves. In Honan these streamers are "Scotch" little things

compared to the paper bouquets flown in Szechwan. There the large and enlarging graveyards, being on rocky hillsides and therefore beyond the encroachment of the plowshare, present an unusual sight of fluttering paper. So great is the consumption of grave paper in Szechwan that the traveler is surprised at the number of shops handling it on a large scale. The stencilling of this paper with hammer and chisel is a major industry in the West. The service of Satan through false religions is not only not a factor pre-disposing to Christianization. It is definitely an obstacle. They know in Szechwan.

Another indubitable factor is the pronounced materialism in Szechwan. The Chinese as a race have a particularly hard-headed, materialistic cast of mind. This is evidenced by a certain degree of Chinese immunity to some of the aspects of Hinduism, that fearfully head-in-a-sack negation of reality. The Chinese have their feet pretty flat on the ground back of the store counter, and in front of it, too. In Szechwan this characteristic has developed in particularly favorable circumstances. Generally, application and industry bring their reward; in Szechwan almost without fail. The fertile plains watered directly or artificially by rivers from the great Tibetan tableland may vary in their yield from year to year but scarcely ever have they been known to fail entirely. Such a state the famine-knowing North can only dream about. For the first seventy years of a man's existence materialism is a religion more adequate in Szechwan

than almost anywhere else in all China. Materialism hardens against the Gospel, renders it irrelevant. Undoubtedly the Szechwan people to whom I talked were put at some distance by my Honan, and perhaps unintelligible, dialect; but it is also probable that I spoke not only a different dialect but also a different language.

It may be objected that these two points of superstition and materialism cancel each other, but in fact some strange alliances are formed against the Gospel. Moreover while perfect love does cast out fear it would be strange indeed if the love of money and of things could cast out fear. At a later stage of my journey I found in a Singapore paper a reference to the great use of burial paper by the materially well-placed and even exceedingly wealthy Malayan Chinese, a use so great that Chinese importers of this article do an annual business of a hundred thousand dollars and a business in turn so great that it came up for review by the Colony authorities who, counselled by the Chinese leaders not to put the paper on the list of forbidden imports, were at least for the present leaving it to the Chinese community to restrict voluntarily.

The degree of addiction to opium may also be a factor. In this respect the West has suffered more from the drug than the East. Of its universally deleterious effects there is, of course, no question. The West has been farther from the seat of government. It has also been one of the chief producing areas. To this day Yaan does a vast business

in opium; in fact tea and opium are said to be its chief stock in trade and the rake-off on the opium business is one of the plums in consideration of which the northeast Sikang military are holding out against the Central Government, though their grasp is relenting. Kweichow, the poor province, scarcely had anything to export but opium.

Then, too, the geneticist may point to the antecedents of the present Szechwanese as a factor, and his contention has perhaps a certain degree of weight. The people who displaced the aboriginal Szechwanese must have had some enterprise; whatever the degree of original self-sufficiency, it cannot be denied they have a pretty strong tinge of it now. The borders of the Empire were also the natural places for banishment in times past. There may therefore be a slight innate touch of "desperateness" in the situation. It is curious that with all their *p'ai wai*, parochialism, the Szechwanese do not readily admit that they are Szechwanese at all, I am told. A man's ancestors came from Hupeh or some place else, but it is likely to have been too long ago to be worth mentioning.

Whatever the factors and their combination, the effect is unmistakable. Though all men are dead in a spiritual sense until regenerated by God there is still a "Gospel sense," as Spurgeon says in a fine interpretation of the parable, in which some are "worthy" and others are not. The Szechwanese, with exceptions, have not been worthy.

But God's dealings with individuals and with

groups are inscrutable and a gracious blowing of the wind of His Spirit can at any moment touch Szechwan with that same experience of revival and extraordinary power which we have been happy to experience in Honan the last ten years.

This in regard to the soil.

The condition of the propagating agent is also of great, indeed, predominant importance. In Szechwan the missionaries have been partial in the occupation; they have done better at occupying Chengtu than the rest of the province and best of all in occupying the West China Union University campus outside the southeast corner of the city. In 1939 Chengtu had over a hundred missionaries, wives not included (over forty in a single mission, exclusive of wives). By far the majority were at the university teaching all sorts of subjects. Various and unpredictable as are the services a Christian offers in the name of his Lord, one wonders if this is, after all, the best way to win West China for Christ. One need not wonder; in Szechwan the Christian advance excluding a very recent pick-up is at a standstill. In Chengtu large numbers of doctors, nurses, and dentists are being trained and graduated, many other students from Christian institutions are going into important positions in the government and in civic life but few pastors, few evangelists, and few Biblewomen are being produced and the churches languish. If it be said that the contribution of Chengtu effort is calculated in the first place to produce not preachers but

other Christian leaders in society let it be remarked that that is exactly what they are not. "Christian" doctors, nurses, dentists, and politicians could not be Christian without benefitting the Church and enhancing its life. If it be said that the Christianity aimed at and promoted in Szechwan is an ethical distillate of the life of the Christian church without the Christian community, let it be replied that this disembodied goal has both theory and practice, both dogmatics and church history, arrayed against it.

Not only is some of the procedure in Szechwan actually lopsided in execution and possibly wrong in its rationale, there are those whose attitude toward the Word of God and its doctrines is such that it is no wonder there is no advancement of the Church. How can a man really be a missionary while doubting the record and content of his commission? All sorts of lamentable situations arise from this radical infidelity. One young man thought a Christian missionary professor in Szechwan was a Buddhist, however incongruous the misapprehension. Fancy one of the original missionaries, the Twelve Apostles, being mistaken for a Buddhist! Whenever their identity was mistaken, as was Paul's and Barnabas' on their first arrival in a town (not after years of lecturing in their own college), they tore their very clothes in ripping off the false label!

Happily this incongruous position is not true of the majority of the missionaries. Yet the vitiating effect of such infidelity, for that is exactly what

it is, is surprising in its scope. A fellow traveler on my ocean voyage questioned another fellow passenger, a Dutchman, about the cause of the collapse of Netherlands' defense. The reason given was the presence of a party that sympathized with the enemy, a group to be justly charged with infidelity. The incredibly amazing fact was that this party is said to have numbered only one per cent of the total population.

While the larger and true group suffers because of the infidelity of the smaller it may be that the two together also suffer in a measure because of certain common mistakes of procedure and policy which, though not of the same seriousness, are nevertheless serious enough. A former North China missionary now at work in Szechwan criticized the missionary procedure of his new co-workers for failing to embody such country work supervision as to enable them really to know the churches.

A more serious criticism is that of the failure to get the right kind of workers. I know from what was said both in praise of the good and in condemnation of the bad that in general the workers are not of a high grade; what was praised in Szechwan as exceptional in a worker is, I thank God, rather ordinary in our Honan fellow workers. What was set forth as being fairly common in West China scarcely exists on our own field among the workers. I was told that there were even opium addicts among the Christian workers of Szechwan. What advancement can be expected from such a selec-

tion of men? If good workers are hard to find in Szechwan let the staff be reduced until better ones are found! Men were dismissed from Gideon's army and sent home for far less than would keep them out of Szechwan Christian workers' ranks.

There is an indirect corroboration of the opinion that the Szechwan Church has little life, one which, while being nothing more than a negative check and not even infallibly that, is nevertheless interesting in view of the situation in other parts of the country. Satan's grand strategy for seducing all concerned over the salvation of their souls is the supplying of an alternative to the blood and merits of Jesus Christ. Ultimately he is a Judaizer and the archheresy is the Galatian error whether the substitute for free grace be circumcision or anything else. In any case it consists in holding forth something about the individual himself as meritorious —works, self-denial, feelings, movements, dreams, anything his own—as the basis of salvation.

About ten years ago a wonderful quickening came over our Honan Church bringing with it much definite and sharp conviction of sin. The need of repentance became overpowering for many hardened sinners who had never taken God's holy law seriously. Some who had already given the law a measure of its place began to see the crushing largeness of the place it is meant to occupy and their need for further repentance. With a quickening of the sense of sin there came an appetite for the Gospel.

But subsequent to the rise of this awakening the devil has used a strategy he had little need of using before the days of the quickening. Now that men were in earnest about the Law regarding which God had been in earnest all the while, now that they sensed the utter inadequacy and even the qualitative irrelevance of their moral "good works," the devil took to another tack and tried to substitute for the merits of Christ no longer the morality of the individual but certain elements of the expression of quickening. The confession of sin became the substitute for some. They had opened up and poured out. For that they were to be saved, which is not the doctrine of God's Word.* Or some emotional concomitant and manifestation of the quickening or releasing experience became the basis of salvation. Tears, the flexing of the muscles, stirrings within the bosom, physical movements, laughter, dreams, *anything* might be the false basis of salvation. Often what was an emotional accompaniment of the genuine conversion and regeneration of one individual became the essential and therefore Judaizing and nugatory element in the self-attempted salvation of the others! Oh, the depth—not now of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God but—of the cunning of Satan! How unsearchable are his delusions, and his ways past finding out save for him who through

*I wish to make it clear that what is here said about confession is true only when it displaces the merits of Christ. As the act of admitting our utter need of Christ because of our sins, confession is a step necessary to salvation.

the Bible has known the mind of the Lord! Satan's devices are many, but we need not be taken in by them because they are all basically the same thing over and over again: something about us instead of the atonement in Christ!

A movement calling itself *Ye Su Chia Ting* (Ye Soo Jeeah Teeng) meaning "The Family of Jesus" is one which in recent years has been associated especially with the emotional variety of the Judaizing tendency. It tends to concentrate attention on the individual himself, and on his experiences, especially the emotional, whereas this attention may not, on pain of everlasting death, be taken from the Cross—not the individual's cross but the Cross of Christ. The "Family of Jesus" is a post-quickening movement. In it jumping, rolling, or anything of the sort is made the criterion and basis of salvation. Genuine cases of deliverance from the consciousness of guilt supply the pattern which this movement seeks to emulate. In the degree of the emulation it falsifies, since it takes the eyes off Jesus.

It is an interesting circumstance that the Chia Ting movement, somewhat present over a large part of the North and acute in some points, is almost or quite nonexistent in the West, south of Shensi and Kansu. A real quickening will have to come before the devil will have much need of recourse to this strategy.

On the other hand, I found in the West representatives of another movement called *Siao Ch'un*

(Seeou Chwin) or The Little Flock. Its adherents are people of great earnestness and devotion, generally with a pronounced separatistic tendency and rather organization-decrying. Furthermore one senses a strange tinge of mysticism among them. Its members are to a surprising degree men of means and position.

Among the refugees who have come to the West are many Christians, pastors of congregations, teachers and students in middle schools and universities, and merchants. (The Chinese school system provides for six years of primary schooling, four years lower, two years higher; six years of middle schooling, three lower, three higher; and four of college. The lower middle school is thus seen to correspond to our junior high and the higher to our senior high.) Generally this influx of down-river Christians is credited with having brought a degree of new life to the Church in the West. A missionary told me that returning to a Chungking congregation after a long absence he found a group almost entirely new in constitution. Thus Christians uprooted, scattered, and replanted are setting before the Christians of the western provinces the example of a more active, virile, and native Christianity than they have been accustomed to, except among the tribesmen. But even in the sphere of the Church and the Church's activity the Szechwanese down-river antithesis or complex plays some part. Yet it is no more of a role than can be obliterated in Christ in very deed as it is

already ideally. I was told in a large Kweichow city that a new local mission of out-of-province origin reached practically only down-river people; its direct influence on the local population was very small. Yet it is the native people of West China who are in the greatest need. Down-river Christians had been settled in the West for some time when I visited there, and I almost wondered, things being now what they were, what they could have been before!

There are a number of noteworthy church features about Chungking itself. In this great city, the center of the National Government and the hub of New China, there are scarcely more than one or two fair-sized congregations, in fact scarcely one or two. A woman missionary living in the city regretfully observed that there was hardly a single woman missionary devoting full time to spiritual work in the city; certainly a deplorable condition for the first city of Free China. On the other hand, while flourishing churches and missionaries devoted to evangelistic work are almost non-existent in Chungking the number of influential Chinese Christians is disproportionately and encouragingly large. These include the head of the Public Department of the Ministry of Finance, Mr. Yin Jen Hsien, son-in-law of the late noted preacher, Pastor Ting Lee Mei, whose home in Kaifeng was a center of a Christian testimony when he was a member of the Honan provincial government; Chang Ching Yü, Chief of the Bureau of Taxa-

tion; Yü Yü Ch'en, Chief of the Supreme Commission for National Defense; Mei I Lin, Chief of the Department of Health; and Hu Hsuan Ming and Tung Ch'i Cheng, Commissioners of the Legislative Yuan.

The "Christian General" Feng Yü Hsiang, now Number Two Man in the nation, whose earlier position and activity made him a sort of Exhibit Number One in the world of missions and whose later relation to Moscow made him Disappointment Number One, seems to have come around and to be having a genuine part in West China Christendom. My visit to Kwanhsien followed very closely a visit of his to the same city. He was quite intimate with the missionaries and even preached in the church. I was told that, whereas we could wish for his further progress in evangelical truth, his treatment of Jesus was not to make of Him only an example to be followed. He has engaged a sort of private or personal chaplain, a Pastor Wang, by whom Bible studies are conducted for the Marshall's Chungking staff. An exceedingly winsome young Chinese free lance evangelist who has access to the homes and circles of all these Christian Chungking public figures described the Marshall's chaplain as a sound man.

Besides those officials whose lives and vocal testimony definitely reveal the life in Christ and an alignment behind His cross there are a vast number of nominal Christians whose fathers were pastors back in Shantung, or themselves attended St. John's

University, and who for these or some other reasons classify themselves as "Christian" on occasion. In addition to this second group there are those who have had close contacts with Christians in China or in the Occident but nevertheless declare themselves to be agnostic or quite pagan. A Chungking friend of mine was last spring asked to take an Easter morning service for a university group of Christians. While visiting the university he met a Chinese professor who knew Handel's *Messiah* perfectly, one recitative after another, and yet for all his knowledge of both text and score was a perfect pagan and made no pretense of devotion to Christianity whatever. Oh, the pity of Christianity's being just another culture to so many!

A curious detail that interested me was the story of a business tycoon in the Chungking area who has a special interest in Greek and is seeking to provide his people with a new translation of the Bible by exclusively Chinese scholars. The money is ready for any who will undertake and is qualified. A commendable point in his interest is his insistence that it be by a company of scholars. I take it that he is therefore no crank. A student friend of mine in Chungking who was in need of a lift was recommended to the generosity of this Hellenistic business man and it presumably turned out to be in the beneficiary's favor that he had studied Greek in our Shekow seminary. To what extent a new translation of the Scriptures is called for I am not competent to say, but I think I am

correct in saying it is not urgent. It is said that Dr. Hu Shih has commended the language of the Chinese Bible as being good Chinese, and there is scarcely a name in China whose literary opinion weighs more than his.

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My journey from Chungking to Lashio in Burma was by U. S. Navy trucks. We have a gunboat, the *Tituila,* stationed on the Upper Yangtze, which maintains contact with Burma and the outside world by means of its own trucks and the commander gave me his permission to ride along. We started from the south bank of the Yangtze early a Monday morning and with the exception of a full day's stop in Kweiyang and three days in Kunming continued to drive something over a hundred miles a day for two weeks, crossing the border of Burma at noon the third Monday and arriving in Lashio, a hundred miles beyond, late in the afternoon. From Chungking the road is known as the Southwest Highway while the Kunming-Burma part, approximately half the distance, is called in Chinese the *Tien Mien* (Deeann Meeann) highway, *Tien* being a one-character designation for Yunnan and *Mien* the first character of the Chinese name for Burma. Chinese highways and railroads almost without exception have geographical or directional names. To reserve the name Burma Road for the stretch west of Kunming is quite accurate because the part from Chungking to Kunming is important independently of Burma

and was the link with the railway to French Indo-China while that was in operation.

It is a good road. Only twenty miles or so, the last in Chinese territory (or the first to one coming in from Burma) had been tarred when we passed over the road but more tarred miles were being added. All is surfaced, but much of it so thinly that in wet weather trucks still skid. The road is incomparably better than when first opened, as one can judge by short segments eliminated in the straightening of curves. Road gangs, particularly near the Burma end of the highway, are continually improving the road, pounding rocks to pieces, making fills, and cutting down the banks. I passed out Christian tracts to a number of these gangs as we drove by and rejoiced to see how they were pounced upon in that extreme region. May curiosity at least for some have turned into earnest attention, and earnest attention into acceptance and faith! Incidentally, the straightening of the road is also making it steeper but the change is of course so small as to be scarcely more than theoretical. To a layman the road appears well engineered. If, as I suppose, the first axiom of road building in mountains is that it be snakelike horizontally rather than vertically, this road is well laid out, for whereas you turn continually to both right and left you rise generally for a long time while rising and descend for a long time while descending, sometimes almost by the hour. It is a road of which its engineers can be proud.

Road gangs' houses appear at the side of the road every so often, numbered and neat. Those along the first half of the road appeared the better. Kilometers are marked on cut stones and curves and difficulties are marked with road signs having a legend in both character and conventionalized signs and pictures, of a train, a bridge, an exclamation point (attention), and the like. The motorist is even told where to fill his radiator. Between Chungking and Burma we were ferried over only one river, in Kweichow, and that because a temporary bridge had been damaged by a freshet and the permanent bridge was still being built.

The curves, ordinary and hairpin, the steepness of the hills, and the insufficiency of guards on the outside edge make driving particularly dangerous. Insurance companies used to figure the life of a truck as only one year. The improvement of the road has done much to reduce the destruction and it is likely that the experience gained by the drivers has also done much to better the record. It is also likely that the drivers have by now selected the best makes of trucks. Certainly they have the data. And any company that can advertise successful operation of its product on the Burma Road has certainly hung up the best record in the world.

Accidents still happen in great numbers. I remember seeing an upturned truck on a hillside we were climbing and close to it a grave being dug for the driver. An American girl, teacher of English in the Nanking University, acted on the advice

of the consul that American women who were able, withdraw. She had a fear of dying in China and set out to return to her mother, via the Burma Road, which she was anxious to see. It was her last journey. At one point the bus came to a full stop, backed off the road, and hurtled into the depths below. The girl died very soon after the accident and another foreign woman passenger on the same bus was recovering in a hospital in Maymyo, Burma, as I came through. On such roads missionaries commit themselves to the care of God and His holy angels, and others would need to as well.

Drivers are mostly Shanghai men and Cantonese, these areas having had the smell of gasoline before the upland and interior parts. There is practically no night driving and if no trouble develops the stage for the day is usually made well before supper time. Then the drivers sit around and gamble into half the night. Many carry guns and a schoolmate of mine at one time in the employ of a provincial government as a supervisor of a fleet of trucks tells me it is a wild and woolly West they have made.

Various shortcuts and chances are taken. I was once on a truck (not, however, on the Southwest highway) which though away from its base for half a month carried neither wire nor repair cement, not even a pair of pliers. When flats and blowouts at last stopped us completely we flagged a tea truck, the principals walked off to one side and

struck a deal and we rolled into town on the other truck's spare tire.

Westbound, the trucks load chiefly wood oil (pressed from the fruit of the tung tree) and eastbound one of the chief loads is gasoline. It is easy to over-estimate the amount of traffic if it be thought of in American terms. But if thought of in terms of that part of the world it is very great. At terminal points the number of trucks parked under mat sheds or coralled within fences is amazing. Even so the scarcity of trucks and the gamble on their safe and successful operation is such that returns are fabulous, this despite the high cost of the trucks and the fuel. American motor firms and Chinese and perhaps other Rangoon body builders are making a nice little sum.

On Burma Road proper (west of Kunming) Indian and Burmese drivers are a common sight. Some of these swarthy truckmen have by now learned sufficient Chinese to put in their orders in the eatshops while others for reasons of caste or economy get their own rice and curry ready by the side of the road. The infiltration of these turbaned folk (strictly as motorists, and nonstop) far into the country of the Chinese seems a bit anomalous, as does also the sight in such circumstances of a people that appear to be too primitively dressed and too meditatively disposed ever to sit behind a steering wheel.

The Burma Road is one of the most recent and politically probably the most important motor

road in the world. It is a modern product of ancient processes. While it was men, great men in London and Tokyo, who last year decided whether it would stay open or not, it was actually in a certain measure made by women's hands. Very few passenger cars—"particular" cars, the Dutch call them—use it; almost all vehicles are trucks. Until I was within a short drive of Kunming I had met scarcely a dozen passenger cars outside the cities on all the highways I had traversed from North China. The first grader I saw on my journey was in Sianfu, North China—in disuse—and the next perhaps in Yunnan relatively close to the Burma border. Work is done by hand. The first real filling station I saw, with the possible exception of Chungking and provincial capitals, where there may be curb service, was in Mangshih, almost in Burma. Gas is generally handled in fifty-gallon drums or five-gallon cans with hand pumps, siphons, funnels, and strainers as accessories.

It is a great road and a good road, but in a large sense it is a desperate road born out of a desperate situation. Certainly when peace and concord return again, gasoline and tung oil and other bulky loads will not be shipped over the thousands of kilometers of roller-coaster highway between Chungking and Lashio. Yet this desperate roller coaster over which everyone passing is in earnest, is one of the chief cynosures of the world's anxious thinking.

We arrived in Kweiyang, the capital of Kweichow, shortly before dark. After a meal in a restaurant outside one of the city gates I looked about in the city, wonderfully lively with brilliantly illuminated shop windows. The next day, I found this dazzling introduction had been a bit misleading, for despite their night fronts the very stores I had been looking at proved to be rather hurriedly constructed shops in a part of the city that had been destroyed by bombing. This appearance, this face-lifting, is a result of the road and the refugees. Without them backward Kweichow would have little to show. Without them, on the other hand, Kweichow would be less apt to be bombed.

I walked that first night until I found the street chapel of the China Inland Mission, where I took a seat within the door. The preacher was a vigorous, inspired Australian who presented the Gospel in a fine way. His dialect in this Kweichow street chapel was thoroughly intelligible to me. But then, he, too, was from North China, a refugee.

The Kweiyang area in Kweichow has strangely regular hills, small but the same shape and height. About the mountains in the western part of the province there is no regularity or moderateness. Tremendous ranges shut out the lovely valleys of eastern Yunnan.

In western Kweichow I marveled at the agriculture of the people. The only fields the people have stand practically on end; I had never before seen such mountains cultivated. But it appeared that

the use of such land for crop raising was almost self-defeating. Patches of mountain side no longer cultivated clearly had been at one time, as indicated by the position of the stones. There had not been enough soil to hold the roots that held the soil.

We came to Kunming (Kwenming) the first Friday of this part of the journey. In the attractive and hospitable C. I. M. compound I occupied a room the window of which had been blown out in a raid three weeks before. The church in a nearby compound of the same mission had been completely smashed the Tuesday before we came. Never had I seen a quarter of a city so uniformly levelled by bombing as the neighborhood of the C. I. M. in Kunming. The inhabitants of Kunming have one advantage denied the Honanese, however: planes take a while to arrive from their bases and warning is given in time for the people to get out of the city.

Kunming is a lovely city in a particularly lovely country. The province of Yunnan is delightful, too southern ever to be cold, too high (over six thousand at Kunming) ever to be hot. Nearby mountains, a fine and expansive lake, the rolling countryside planted with rice, and the ancient and ornamental city with a great lily pond in the northern sector make a fine sight. There is a foreign quarter near the railroad station rather French in character but the consulates, even the American, are Chinese in style.

The evening we arrived a concert was given on the campus of a united refugee university, rated

the best in the country, consisting of Peita and Tsinghua universities of Peking, and Nankai of Tientsin. My hostess was to appear on the program and a number of us attended. On the way to the concert hall I looked into a dormitory unit, one of a number of small wooden houses in which students slept in double-decker bunks. The contrast of the quarters to American dormitories too often conspicuous only for their softness and fun rather impressed me. The concert hall itself was a combination auditorium and library specially put up for the participating schools, temporary in structure and yet eminently serviceable. Some eight hundred to a thousand people attended the concert, largely student body. It was New China, men and women students sitting mixed together. Some of the boys had climbed up on the librarian's counter in their eagerness to see and to hear.

Most of the numbers were by a mixed chorus which occupied the stage. The girls wore only white, in the becoming dress of the modern Chinese woman. The boys at their back wore European clothes. This chorus, all lit up, was a lovely, dazzling sight. Of the singing I was not competent to judge but musicians in my group commented on the difficulty of the numbers selected and on the particularly fine rendition of a patriotic number. A girl soloist and a fine tenor sang and a violinist performed magnificently. My hostess and her accompanist, an Assemblies of God missionary, were received with gracious deference on the part of

the audience. The accompanist, an excellent pianist, had done much to inspire and to nurse along the musical activity in the university. As the soloist sang with her fine voice and with dignity the familiar measures of Rodney's "Calvary" I thought: What a number to sing before this group! There is, after all, nothing we can any longer bring the Chinese besides the Gospel! She stood before a rapt and respectful audience of China's youth, many of them with their parents a thousand miles away in occupied China, their brothers in the army, and themselves devotedly searching out the latest conclusions of a new, scientific, and incredibly upheaved world and all amid conditions of strain and local upheaval. With all the enhancement of art, she sang forth an invitation to these homeless and restless boys and girls: "Come, Come Unto Me." May it have been effectually!

Two days west of Kunming there is a magnificent range, the Tsang, or Azure, mountains overlooking an idyllic lake of unspeakable beauty called the Ehrhai. The highway skirts the southern tip of the lake at Hsiakwan (Sheeah gwonn) but a little farther north on the west side is Talifu, an ancient city with a Mohammedan history, set right in the midst of all this grandeur and charm. I venture the guess that when China is again at peace and free to carry out her destined development Talifu with her imposing Tsang and jewel of an Ehrhai will become a sort of Chinese Lucerne for tourists and travelers.

Near the end of the Burma Road we spent our last night in Mangshih, in the Shan country. The Shan peoples are a part of the Thai (Tie) group of which larger group there are altogether about twenty million, most of them in Thailand, the former Siam. But although the Shan tribes occupy an area between the Chinese and the Burmese, China and Burma have a common boundary. On the Burma side a measure of Shan autonomy is reflected in the very names, Northern Shan States and Southern Shan States. Lashio and the whole Burma part of the highway is in the Northern Shan States. The people are different from the Chinese in appearance and habits. The women have never walked on bound feet. As do women all the way to the tip of the Malay peninsula and even in the great Dutch East Indies beyond, they walk like queens. American women would have this queenly bearing, too, if they called for their groceries in person and carried them home balanced on the head.

The country of the Shan tribes seems at once wooded and bare. The chief tree, or at least the most noticeable, is the baobab which grows with a sufficient spread to cover an ordinary Chinese farm and figuratively pushes the next baobab about a block down the valley. Aside from these huge giants the valleys were fairly bare of trees. Bamboo, even on the hilltops, grows in prolific tufts, the fresh shoots coming out of the ground with almost the thickness of a man's thigh.

Mangshih itself, hardly more than a village, is largely Chinese but the countryside is Shan. Soon after I got off the truck I found a road gang working on street improvement with a steam or motor roller. They understood Honanese and we became so interested in each other that the foreman complained of my interrupting the work. I left but first inquired if I might meet the men at their quarters after work. They replied that they didn't live in town but in a village a short distance away along the highway. I promised to call on them.

After dark I walked out of town in the direction the men had indicated, across a stream and by a giant baobab tree to the road gang's premises. They were already in their sleeping quarters but turned out into the yard on my arrival, formed a circle, and politely furnished a lantern though the night was brilliantly moonlit. It was a pleasure and a privilege to have found in this outpost of the Chinese nation a group of workmen from central China who were cordially willing to listen to the Gospel.

There is something particularly urgent about the need of the Mangshih Chinese to hear the Gospel. A Chinese out there told me that the death-rate among his countrymen in that dreadful malarial region was such that, among those who came in, the per cent surviving after one year was appallingly low. The coming of the Road and of other official enterprises have brought improvement in the health conditions (there is treatment now

for the sick) but the toll is still extremely heavy. This condition is true in a large degree of much of that miasmatic Salween and Mekong area. Not only do the Chinese succumb, but the loss of missionaries who have tried to evangelize this area has also been heavy.

While waiting for my appointment with the road gang I had walked to the west end of town and found a Shan home which I was bold enough to approach without invitation. I was anxious to inspect something typically Shan while passing through this interesting country. Just as I turned away a man called to me and invited me to enter. I sat down and talked to my host. Though Shan he understood and used Chinese fairly well. I found that missionaries had passed through, in fact had been in the habit of passing through and had even stopped overnight in this man's house. I urged upon him the salvation that is in Jesus Christ. He appeared to be an uncommonly upright and unsophisticated character. Suddenly he left me and returned in a moment with a Scripture portion in Shan or "Yunnanese" according to the English title. I believe the translation was the work of a Dr. Cushing, had been published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and had been given him by a missionary. I can't read a single loop of Shan script but from its position I thought I had located a test paragraph in his Gospel portion, the last paragraph of Mark 1, for it was a St. Mark's Gospel. Then I proceeded to give him the contents of

the paragraph in Chinese and asked him to check what I was saying by what he read. But he couldn't get the same meaning at all. Of the identity of the passage I felt I could be certain but whether the Shan of the late Dr. Cushing's area was too different from that of Mangshih or whether the man's ability to read was too meager I cannot say.

Meantime it was getting dark and we had to move out into the back yard, which was so dirty as to embarrass the poor man. Having important business before us, however, we refused to notice it. As we talked, two or three of his smaller children, one a beautiful girl of perhaps ten with almond eyes and a lovely face of innocence, stood in the doorway and looked at us. As I ended my earnest conversation with the man and prepared to go he gave me an invitation that thrilled me with uncommon emotion; he asked me to come again. I was thrilled both with the significance of the invitation and with the circumstances of the request. It was my only evening in Mangshih and the last before I should cross into Burma. I told him I would tell a friend. Later I addressed a card to the last missionary I met along the Burma Road in which I described the location of the home and asked that he or someone else going through Mangshih visit this dear soul.

I feel that even this record of the journey is an extension of that Macedonian call from my last evening in China. It is also a fulfillment of my promise *to tell a friend who might come and instruct him further.*

SZECHWAN

A GLANCE at the Szechwan map shows that this province is in the center of West China. Actually this is even more true than the map would indicate, for Sikang and Chinghai have comparatively small populations, leaving the two provinces of Shensi and Kansu on the north of Szechwan and of Yunnan and Kweichow on the south, the two groups having approximately the same number of inhabitants. Whether West China is approached over the Burma Road or from the north, Szechwan is at the center.

Roads and rivers converge on Szechwan so as to make her even more the center of the West. Furthermore the presence of the headquarters of the National Government, the chief commercial and industrial enterprises, and the largest number of schools including universities vastly enhances the preeminence of Szechwan in the West. Such is the concentration of population in Szechwan that considerably more people live there than in all the other West China provinces combined.

The area of Szechwan has been given as 166,528 square miles, but there is reason to believe there has been at least one reduction in area since this computation was made. The population is estimated at from 53 million to 70 million.

SZECHWAN

(Ssuh-chwonn)

"Four Rivers"

Capital: Chengtu
Area: 166,528 sq.mi.
Population: 52,963,269
Mission Stations: 70
Missionaries. 304

The province is roughly triangular with the base against Sikang on the west, the Yangtze river corresponding roughly to the lower side. Several large rivers cross the province parallel to each other and join the Yangtze river at right angles to it. Geographically it is thus rather uniquely regular. Chief of the right-angle rivers are the Chialing and the Min, the first roughly in the center and the latter in the western part parallel with the Sikang border. On all three sides the triangle is bounded by mountains, those on the west being the highest. The whole area, of which even the center is hilly or rolling, drains through the apex on the east where the great Yangtze forces a tortuous course through the Gorges below Wanhsien.

Chief of the populous Szechwan cities are Chengtu (Chung doo), Chungking, Wanhsien, Luchow, Suifu (Sway foo), Kiating (Jah deeng, also called Lo shan), and Kwangyuan. Chengtu, with a population of over half a million and with a healthful climate, is capital of the province. It is located near the Sikang base of the triangle. Chungking at the chief confluence of West China, that of the Chialing and the Yangtze, has always been the chief commercial city of West China. Since the war began it has been in every respect the chief city in Free China. Wanhsien, near the apex of the triangle, is the leading city below Chungking. Luchow is above Chungking, at the confluence of the Chingho chiang ("Well River River") and Yangtze. Suifu is at the junction of the Min and the

Yangtze and was formerly the point of departure for missionaries proceeding to Yunnan province. Kiating is on the Min, the Ya, and the Ta Tu rivers which come together practically at one point, the two last "newly arrived" from Sikang province. Kwangyuan is far up the Chialing river and near the Shensi border. It is at the middle of the northern side of the triangle and is now important because much of the freight from Paochi and the Lunghai railroad is here transferred from trucks and especially from rubber-tired carts to ships.

Chief roads are the highways from Chungking to Chengtu within the province, from Chungking southward to Kweiyang and to Burma, from Chengtu northeast through Kwangyuan to Paochi on the Lunghai railroad in Shensi, from Chengtu southwest to Yaan and Kangting in Sikang (practical for driving only a little beyond Yaan at the time I was there), a new approach from the Southwest (alternative to the Kweiyang route) that reaches the Yangtze at Luchow, and various other internal highways such as the busy road from Chengtu south to Kiating. But the state of highway communication in Szechwan is still such that for a missionary in Luchow the best way to proceed to a meeting in Chengtu, the capital of the province, was to take a river steamer down to Chungking (a day and a half) and to backtrack thence by motor the rest of the way.

Racially and culturally this is all a homogeneous group and very much Szechwanese except that in

the areas especially of the Sikang border and the southwest corner there are tribes people, the Lolos.

West China has scores of aboriginal tribes, primitive and illiterate peoples whom the more energetic and civilized Chinese have pushed farther and farther away from the best regions and generally into the hills. But not all tribesmen have been driven into the hills; for instance, one tribe is to be found right in the Talifu valley in Yunnan, one of the loveliest regions I have ever seen. Nor are their areas sharply delineated. Generally they have been driven upward and outward but their villages and hamlets are so mixed up that a missionary marking the villages on his map with colored pins according to tribe would find the colors scattered promiscuously. The Chinese government has now taken a responsible and paternalistic attitude toward these disinherited orphans. The people formerly called *Miao tzu* ("Miaos") are now called, at least to some extent, *Miao p'ao tzu*, "Miao brothers," the *p'ao* being an expression for kinship. Some tribesmen have even arisen to eminence, among them Yün Lung, "Cloud Dragon," the astute and powerful present governor of Yunnan province. More progress will have to be made before the aborigines come fully to their own as a part of the Chinese nation. Even the Christian church may need to be reminded that in Christ there is neither barbarian nor Scythian. In the most western *hsien* I visited in Kweichow I called at the Mission and was shown a small place of wor-

ship by a woman who seemed to serve as doorkeeper. I asked if there were any Miao people in the group that met in that place and was told "No" in such a way as to make me feel that perhaps the attitude toward these people was not what it ought to be. Yet I am sure there are many Chinese Christian workers in the West who sensing the hardness of their own people are thrilled by the ready acceptance these "gentiles" accord the Gospel.

Divided into innumerable language groups the Miao women are harder to reach from the language point of view; some of the men speak both Chinese and the tribal language. Despite numerous subdivisions a general three-group classification was suggested to me: the Lolos or Lisus, the Shan or Thai group, and the Miaos. Of these, the Lolos are regarded the highest by the Chinese, the Miaos the lowest. In addition there is a large aboriginal group in southeast China (Kiangsi and elsewhere) called the Hakkas.

In spite of their primitiveness and sometimes their extreme poverty and need—in one area recently a group survived only through recourse to a root that they dug up and ate—the work among the tribes people has been disproportionately fruitful. In West China and also in the Hakka areas, they have been far worthier of the Gospel than have the Chinese. It remains true that the poor have the Gospel preached unto them and do receive it. Abjectly poor, their churches have done admirably in self-support, consecrating fowl and

other gifts *in natura* for the Lord's work in the absence of currency.

Though I place these tribes notes in this chapter, the work among the aborigines is not restricted to Szechwan; in the West it is most fruitful not in Szechwan but in Yunnan and in Kweichow.

The crosses on the map (p. 112) represent mission stations; fortunately their number is not complete. Szechwan had approximately seventy mission stations (in some instances there are several stations to a city) in 1939 besides churches and locales worked from these stations. The crosses between Chungking and Kwangyuan and eastward are almost exclusively China Inland Mission and form the East Szechwan district of that mission, being its Anglican sphere, a comparatively fruitful field pioneered by Bishop Cassels, one of the Cambridge Seven famous in Chinese missionary annals, and a part of the diocese of the new Bishop Bevan. The remainder of the diocese consists of Church Missionary Society stations in Chengtu and northeastward roughly along the highway to Kwangyuan. The three crosses in the southeast spur are Christian and Missionary Alliance stations. In the remainder of the province territorial division is not quite so clearcut; between Chungking, Chengtu, and the southwest corner of the province various missions work about each other, a few principal cities being served by several. These missions include the United Church of Canada Mission (originally Methodist), American Methodists, Amer-

ican Baptists (North), China Inland Mission, and American and English Friends. The Oriental Missionary Society has opened three places recently through a Chinese staff. The only Lutheran work that I know of in the Southwest is the Wanhsien station of the mission of the Synodical Conference which includes a theological seminary.

It will be noticed that the crosses seem to indicate a fairly uniform occupation of the province. This impression is somewhat inaccurate; outwardly the missionary effort is pretty much bunched in a few centers, chief of which is Chengtu with one hundred and nine of the three hundred and four Szechwan missionaries (exclusive of wives) listed in the 1939 directory. One mission was keeping over forty of its eighty-four missionaries in this one city. Chengtu has a great mission university, now wartime host to several other mission colleges, two mission hospitals, a large press, a theological seminary, a Bible Society agency, and several churches. Half a dozen missions work in Chengtu, yet the state of the Church is lamentable.

In Chungking five missions are at work besides the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and two Bible societies. The Methodists have a hospital in the city and the Canadians a busy 190-bed institution on the South Bank. But in Chungking, too, the life of the Church is low. Other Szechwan cities, all very large, with two or more missions are Kiating, Suifu, Luchow, and Wanhsien.

The comparatively unoccupied area south of the

Yangtze was being suggested as a new field for the Presbyterians. In Rangoon I met two Southern Presbyterians, their Joshua and Caleb (in these times one must be so careful of the terms one uses!) on their way to secure a West China cluster via the Burma Road. In Kunming I met two British Salvation Army men on their way from North China to new appointments in Szechwan.

In the northwest angle of the province is a large and relatively unoccupied area. It is very mountainous, the mountains starting from a point only forty miles northwest of Chengtu. The sparse population, partly Lolo, leads a life somewhat detached from that of the crowded plain, cultivating maize patches on the mountain sides and preparing timber and charcoal for delivery to the plain. But even so this area also is divided into *hsiens:* Sungpan, Mungkung, Lifan, and Wenchiang. A hinterland, this remote area has received the special attention of the government and many *chi kuan* people, that is, persons attached to official agencies, have entered it to promote its development. The China Inland Mission has missionaries in Mungkung, the Christian and Missionary Alliance has recently occupied Sungpan, and the Church of Christ in China had adopted the area as one of the two fields of its Border Service department, with Lifan as center.

This area has shown a hopeful degree of interest in the Gospel. Again it is a case of the poor having the Gospel preached unto them. A former West

China secretary of the American Bible Society, the Reverend Mr. Torrance, nurtured the area with particular zeal, sending colporteurs into the mountains and putting his own vacation time into its evangelization. A better than usual receptivity now characterizes these frontier districts.

SIKANG

SIKANG is rather squarely framed by Szechwan and Tibet on the east and west respectively and by Chinghai and Yunnan on the north and south except where Burma contacts it for several hundred miles at the western end of the southern boundary. It is the largest of the West China provinces excepting Chinghai. But the size and shape of Sikang is a rather arbitrary matter. Like the other border provinces Sikang has been recently created in pursuance of the expansionist policy of the government. The westward boundary of the province could easily be moved five hundred kilometers eastward without affecting anyone except the cartographer, and him only as regards the relative amount of pink or yellow he should use in the map. For all practical purposes all the country west of the Yangtze is Tibet and much of it on the east is Tibetan. But as Chinese politicians have laid out Sikang it is a thousand kilometers long.

It is one of the most solidly mountainous areas in the world. Parts of the province are more than fifteen thousand feet high and some are even above the line of perpetual snow, even in this latitude. Across this high land cut the Yangtze, the Mekong, and Salween rivers and the Brahmaputra river encloses the southwestern corner in its loop.

SIKANG

(See-Kahng)

"Western Repose"

Capital: Kangting
Area: 143,474 sq. mi.
Population: 968,187
Mission Stations: 2
Missionaries: 7

Travel in this province is most difficult. Entering the province from Szechwan one strikes the ranges at right angles. Not only are distances great but difficulties are enhanced by these many and high ranges that separate any two points east or west of one another. Yaan, at the center of the eastern boundary, the largest city in the province, is the starting point from which Kangting, also called Tatsienlu (Dah dzeeann loo) is a week or more distant and Kangting in turn is about three weeks from Paan (Bah onn), also called Batang, a tenuous outpost of Chinese influence in the center of the province and on the Yangtze river. In Kwanhsien I talked with a Tibetan Bible School student whose home was in Yenching, eight days south of Paan. It had taken him thirty-eight days to reach Yaan.

This travel, except for a brief distance westward of Yaan is over sheerest mountain roads on foot, horseback, or bamboo chair, a very simple bamboo seat between two poles carried on the shoulders of two men. Stages have been conventionalized and resting places are found but those thought to be bringing valuable baggage over these solitary roads are sometimes relieved of it enroute.

From a mountain top south of Yaan I looked out upon a country magnificent all around but especially westward, where snow-capped mountains guarded inner Sikang. Far below, rivers with little choice as to their route of passage laved the bases of the mountains. In their proximity were

ricefields, while farther up, the lower slopes were planted with tea. Yaan occupied a widening in the valley.

Yaan is a typical Chinese city with a population of twenty-five thousand before the war, now double that. That it is thoroughly Chinese is no surprise when it is realized that until a few years ago this part of Sikang was Szechwan and Yaan was a border *fu* city of the province, Yachowfu. The Yaan *yamen,* magistrate's office, on the borders of the Empire, is the birthplace of the Empress Dowager, contemporary of Queen Victoria to whom she was so great an opposite and of whose subjects she massacred so many in the Boxer uprising—though far more of her own. The Church owes her Lord the sweet revenge of carrying out from this city an evangelical conquest of all the region beyond.

Kangting, the capital of the province, is squeezed tightly between the mountains and has a population smaller than that of Yaan and, it is said, from seventy to eighty per cent Chinese. Paan is still smaller and is only one-tenth Chinese. In the extreme east of the province the Chinese are to be found also outside of the towns; farther west they keep to the towns, incredibly small by Chinese standards. In the extreme west there are practically no Chinese at all, only Tibetans. Lolos are to be found in the eastern part of the province.

Eastern Sikang has been affected by the war, but somewhat differently from the adjacent provinces.

Up to the time of my visit Yaan had not been bombed. The influx of new people was largely Szechwanese and only in a small degree down-river, that is, from central and eastern China. Although individual teachers had come into the province no refugee schools with their faculties and student bodies had sought refuge in Sikang. The influx was of merchants and *chi kuan* people. The latter included technical experts commissioned with the development of Sikang, especially of the southeast corner. My host in Yaan, the Rev. Mr. Vichert, told me he had asked an engineer acquaintance to bring friends within the profession to visit the missionary and was surprised when introduced to fifteen engineers. These government employees go about their tasks with commendable earnestness and energy. The very nature of their tasks demands it; because of the ardors of travel provision has been made for some of the men to stay inland for periods of years at a time. In the southeastern part, the Central government is in power; in the northeast (from Yaan north), however, a bit of the China of fifteen years ago was still in force at the time of my visit in that a former warlord of Szechwan and his twenty-fourth army were in power, deriving much gain from the lucrative opium business. But the power of Chungking was extending itself also to this part of the province. Communications are being pushed.

In Yaan the American Baptists (North) have a staff of five missionaries including a doctor. Seven

hsien are served including one in Szechwan, the farthest being four days journey southwest. One Chinese pastor and two church workers were the paid Chinese evangelistic workers in the area. The educational and medical work of the Yaan mission is highly developed.

The only other mission station now held by missionaries in the whole of this extensive province (except that I heard a missionary was taking up work in Tan-pa, to the north of Kangting) is Kangting, the capital. In that constricted mountain city the China Inland Mission has had a station for many decades but progress has been extremely slow. Paan had foreign missionaries formerly but there is none now. The work in Paan was pursued with vigor and apparent success at one time and a sort of endowment for the congregation was provided; but now there is little to show for it.

Southwest of Yaan in another valley separated by high mountains is an area which formerly formed the southwesternmost division of Szechwan, including Hsichang, Huili, Yuehchi, Kuanning, Chaochueh and Yenyuan. Hsichang (Hsee Chahng) itself was the *fu* city and at that time had the name Ningyuanfu. An important city and in a comparatively well-populated area, Hsichang is now the center of the Government's development program for that part of the province and is also a *hsing ying,* field headquarters of the commander in chief. Though the area is sufficiently

separate from Yaan to have a distinct climate there is communication with Yaan (nine days' travel from Hsichang) and the kerosene used in Yaan, which sold for about two hundred dollars in national currency (approximately ten dollars U. S. currency) for a five-gallon can at the time of my visit, was carried by pack animals over the Hsichang trail from the southwest. At the lower end of the valley the Hsichang area connects with Yunnan province; Kunming is accessible via Chaotung.

Decades ago the Baptists had the fine vision to connect their Szechwan work with the Baptist mission in Burma, which has been such a noteworthy exhibit of missionary accomplishment, by a string of stations all the way across the great intervening space. Ningyuanfu was occupied as one of the links in the proposed chain of stations. Property was obtained and a beginning, including that of medical work, was made. But about 1917 retrenchment closed this new and hopeful work, except that the property was retained. For nearly twenty-five years this work has been calling for resumption and the Baptists have looked for someone to take over the field but none has responded. The Australian Disciples who tried to take it over were unable to do so, and the late Dr. C. Y. Cheng's Chinese Home Mission project tried to extend itself as far as to Hsichang from the south. However, when the Communists in their tremendous sweep of depredation from Kiangsi all the way through

southwest China and up to the Northwest included this valley in their desperate march and burned the Yueh-chi church this mission was too weakened to think any more of taking on Hsichang.

Recently the Church of Christ in China has opened a work in the Hsichang area as the other of its two Border Service department fields (vid. Szechwan notes) and is using the Baptist property. This effort receives government support but the money derived from the government may be used only for its educational, medical, and economic betterment program and not for exclusively evangelistic work, which work is also one of the professed aims of the Service. Whereas about thirty individuals have been employed by the Service, in its two fields, no pastor and no exclusively religious worker has yet been assigned to the Hsichang field. My conviction is that this work will need a strong supplement of evangelizing endeavor.

Sikang is one of the least evangelized areas in the world. Large parts of it have never had the slightest contact with Christianity; of almost the whole of the province it can be said that it has not yet seen a live, pulsating Christian work. I asked the two Tibetan students in Kwanhsien who between them had seen pretty much of Sikang for an estimate of the total number of true Christians in this extensive western province. Neither was able to say there were more than a hundred. Although they may have been thinking of the province as constituted before the last addition from Szech-

wan or else were in ignorance of the true scope of the Church in the Yaan area, their statement indicates a truly desperate situation.

KWEICHOW

SMALLEST of the West China provinces, Kweichow has been about the most obscure of all the provinces of China. While Szechwan and Hunan to the north and east have been populous and wealthy, and Yunnan and Kwangsi to the south and west have in recent years been greatly exploited for their natural wealth Kweichow, in the center of these, has continued to be an island of poverty and backwardness.

The thin soil of this hilly province produces just enough for its inhabitants, and that only when all the land that can possibly be cultivated has been requisitioned. "Arable" has its broadest definition in Kweichow. Notwithstanding, much of the area has been used for opium to which the people of the province have been addicted to an appalling degree but which they nevertheless produced in sufficient quantity to send out of the province in important amounts. The roughness, backwardness, and isolated obscurity of the province make suppression of the opium traffic especially difficult. There was said to be a ten-year supply on hand when I came through. I was also told that there had been a house-to-house search for opium but that the drug had been retained in the hands of those in power.

KWEICHOW

(Gway - djoe)

"Precious District"

Capital: Kweiyang
Area: 69,296 sq. mi.
Population: 11,994,549
Mission Stations 23
Missionaries 46

Until now Kweiyang has been fifteen days from Chungking, eighteen from Kunming, and twenty-odd from Changsha. Poor and isolated, the people of Kweichow have missed much of the progress that has worked like a fermentation all through the rest of China. Until recently the nine million persons of the province were served by only one high school, in the capital.

Kweichow is a special refuge of the tribes people. Among its rough and meagerly productive hills and mountains they have found a natural asylum from which no one has had the tenacity or heart to dislodge them. They are found largely south of a line drawn diagonally from northwest to southeast across the province. The cross in the extreme west of the province map (in the western lobe) represents Weining in which is found a place called Kopu, where the tribes work of the China Inland Mission has met with wonderful success. Throughout the southwest they till the upland fields. On market day they come down to the towns and marketplaces to do business.

The three principal cities are Kweiyang (Gway yahng), the capital; Tsunyi (Dzwen yee), on the road to Chungking; and Anshun (Onn shwen), on the road to Kunming. Anshun, the smallest of these, has a population of from seventy to eighty thousand. Most of Kweichow's cities are extremely small and humble according to ordinary Chinese standards. In fact, there are even cities in this backward province without a wall—a most unsatisfac-

tory, humiliating, and unthinkable circumstance. (However, the threat of occupation and garrisoning by the enemy has forced many an ancient and celebrated city in north central China to level its wall, without which no city can pass for a city.)

But this poverty and backwardness of Kweichow does not deprive it of natural beauty; even the rudest hamlets have their special charm of a particular simplicity. In western Kweichow we suddenly drove into an area where the villages were roofed with a very light-colored slate, so light-colored indeed as to give them an appearance of unusual cleanliness which the under side of the slate might not have borne out. I remember the first morning we were driving in on the road to Kweiyang. A heavy rain and a night in Tungtze preceded an early morning dash over a divide and down again on the other side to a town amidst ricefields that nearly volatilized in the freshness of the air and the brilliance of the sunshine. I am sure Kweichow missionaries love not only the people but also the very land.

The high-pressure change that has been forced upon Kweichow is one of the most spectacular effects of the present war. Down-river merchants and refugees have been scattered throughout the larger towns, especially those along the Kunming-Kweiyang-Chungking highway, cities throb with the life of the Yangtze delta, rows of trucks stand parked outside of brand-new hotels, and Kunming,

Tsunyi, Ping yueh, Yunghsing, and Meit'an have about three thousand university students in half a dozen colleges. And in from the hills walk the tribesmen into the midst of this new world.

In 1939 there were forty-six missionaries (exclusive of wives) in twenty-three Kweichow mission stations. Most of these stations are marked on the map which shows a fine scattering of the forces over the province. Most of the stations are of the China Inland Mission, which is perhaps more the sole occupant of Kweichow than of any other province in China. Other mission stations in Kweichow are mostly border stations of missions working predominantly in surrounding provinces. Thus the cross in the extreme northeast represents the Sungtao station of the Christian and Missionary Alliance which has three stations in Szechwan to the north. The returning missionary in this station, the Reverend Mr. Bartel, drove in from Rangoon in a fine little truck while I was in Burma. The cross below, Tungjen, is the single Kweichow station of the Reformed mission in Hunan. Working in Yenling and other cities this mission has done much to take the place of father and mother for many of our boys and girls who in the summer of 1938 fled southward to escape a threatened invasion of south central Honan and who are still there. Weining, the extreme western cross which has already been noticed as representing the Kopu Miao success, is also a new station of the English Methodists who work in eastern Yunnan. In the south-

ern part there are stations manned by missionaries who have work also in Kwangsi. Since the war commenced one or two new missions have been started in Kweiyang, the capital, also headquarters of one of the Red Cross committees.

The *hsiens* with mission stations are little more than one third of the total number. In the whole province there is but one mission hospital, the C. I. M. hospital in Anshun, with two doctors.

Kweichow missions have found their task tryingly uphill. One missionary expressed it to me in this way: good sermons that would elsewhere produce results are strangely powerless here. After more than half a century of mission work the whole of the province can scarcely show more than ten Chinese Christians to one foreign missionary; there are less than five hundred in all. The work among the tribesmen, on the other hand, with eight thousand adherents, is a bright picture.

Despite difficulties, missionaries in Kweichow proceed with admirable perseverance. One of the richest experiences of my journey was a brief Kweiyang interview with Mr. Bosshart. His experiences together with Mr. Hayman while in captivity under the Communists (as described in *The Restraining Hand)* make the most consummate record of poignant and sustained (two years) suffering for Jesus' sake I have ever read. Worn, but sweet and victorious, he was welcomed fresh from that unspeakable captivity of maddening flights by a Kunming group of Christians the Easter of five

years ago. Fresh from a five-year convalescence in the homeland he had been welcomed by another Kunming group of Christians the Easter of the present year. Panhsien, in the extreme west of the province, is his new station.

YUNNAN

CHINESE ears are nicely cultivated to the appreciation of felicitous phrasing and if such provincial names as Hopei, North of the River, and Shansi, West of the Mountains, should seem prosaic to anyone certainly it cannot be denied that Yunnan (Yewinn nonn) meaning South of the Clouds is as picturesque and delightful a name as could be found for the extreme part of China to the southwest. The very name suggests an expanse of sunshine and light beyond the chill mists on their warmer side.

In Chungking, a Honan friend who had attended one of the refugee schools in Kunming prepared me for the delightful climate of Yunnan. It is a land of sunshine and light. Because of the altitude of the upper (northern and eastern) parts, it is also one of a delightful coolness that never becomes severely cold. Kunming and Hsiakwan are both above six thousand feet high. Talifu, where the China Inland Mission had one of its wartime language schools, is for scenery and climate one of the choicest spots in China.

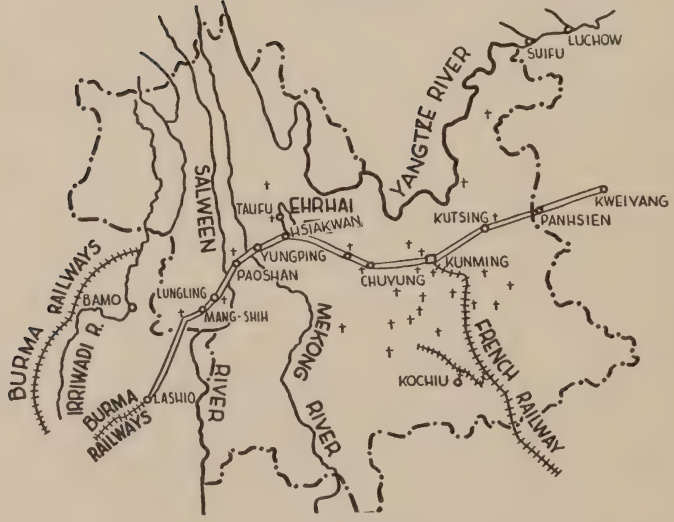
But westward and southward it can be oppressively hot and in certain areas extremely unwholesome. One of our noon halts east of the Mekong I remember was in a very hot valley, and that was

YUNNAN

(Yeewin - nan)

"South of the Clouds"

Capital: Kunming
Area: 123,572 sq.mi.
Population: 11,994,549
Mission Stations: 34
Missionaries: 138



in May. Beyond the Salween the country doesn't "feel" any more like China. Even the Chinese who go into those parts succumb to the unwholesomeness of the country with a startling rate of mortality. While some missionaries in Yunnan are stationed in the most delightful of situations, others have taken their lives in their hands when penetrating into new areas in the same province.

One of the remarkable features of the map of Yunnan is the rivers, great international rivers that in the northwest of the province seem so close to each other as to be in danger of losing their identity. However, the valleys and gorges through which they flow are such that were the water level to rise a mile they yet would not overflow into each other.

It is a fantastically shaped province. The northeast extremity south of the Yangtze is manifestly a dog's head complete with two ears cocked intelligently. The rest of the body is too large and ambitious to be fittingly coordinated. Above and in front of the head, dangled like a tasty morsel, is the rich Szechwan plain. The Salween and the Mekong are the hind legs, the French railway the front legs, the Burma section of the highway the tail, and the Chinese part of the highway, especially the western semicircle, the spinal column of which the tail is of course the continuation! In the forepart of this geographical dog the spinal highway has been lowered too much, so as actually to protrude out of the chest to reach Kweiyang, but

Chinese engineers and road builders are supplying alternate spines that will correspond more closely to the diagrams of the best anatomists.

The French railroad has been destroyed and is actually turning into a new railway projected northeast from Kunming. This new railway already extends beyond Kutsing (Chee jeeng) but the most difficult terrain is ahead. Kochiu's (Guh jeeoh) famous tin mines, where thousands of boys were being slowly poisoned industrially (arsenic), is now stranded without an exit for the tin. Westward from Kunming a railroad is being built on which men were working when I came through.

The West China directory for 1939 lists thirty-four stations in Yunnan with 138 missionaries, exclusive of wives. Some of the stations are marked with crosses on the map. But there is reason to believe that even thirty-four is not the complete number. I heard in Kunming that there are half a dozen Pentecostalist groups which have pretty well occupied a circle all around the province while both British and American Pentecostalists are working in Kunming, in the center. The four original missions of the province are: the China Inland Mission, the English Pentecostalists, the Methodist Church Missionary Society, and the American Pentecostalists. In two cities I found American Anglicans, refugees who had come from central China after the start of the war.

On the whole, the missions have done well in occupying the province. Both the Yangtze in the

northeast and the French railway in the southeast have been exploited in this penetration and in Lungling in the extreme west I found a missionary working on the Shan language in order to reach the people of the very border area. God has blessed their endeavors. While it cannot be said that every *hsien* has been occupied there is no *hsien* without Christians. The response has been so good that Yunnan is the ripest and most fruitful of the southwest provinces. Again it is the aborigines that are especially receptive. This is also the case with the tribes folk of the Chin hills and the wonderful Assam mission field to the west and with the simple Karens among the Burmese to the south. Mr. Baker, an independent Pentecostalist, moved into a new territory in Yunnan five or six years ago and already there are as many thousands of Kado tribesmen won for the Lord. In Chuyung I called on an independent American woman missionary who, working all alone except for the help of an attractive young woman from Ningpo, has founded and carried forward a mission that now numbers thirteen locales.

Thus spiritually, too, it is Yunnan, South of the Clouds. And may the Sun of Righteousness enlighten and irradiate the whole area!

WEST CHINA BOATMEN

AFTER a river journey in West China one almost feels that if the rivers dried up there would be nothing left. As one day of river life succeeds another and one is graduated from raft to river boat and from river boat to steamer gradually the image in the subconscious answering to the name Szechwan is one of an endless, rock-bound ribbon of water with infinite turns and infinite boats.

Szechwan means "four rivers." Actually this great province, from several points of view the larger part of West China, has rivers without number. Three of the chief are the Chialing which arises in its two chief tributaries in Kansu and ethnographical (as distinguished from political) Tibet and flows across the province southward to Chungking; the Min, basis of the great irrigation system of the Chengtu plain from which it reunites in the neighborhood of Sin-tsin; and the Chinsha (Golden Sands) which runs a long course from the Tibetan plateau and reaches Szechwan as the boundary between Sikang and Yunnan. It is joined by the Min at Suifu, also called Ipin, one of the great and picturesque river cities of West China. We should call the Golden Sands by the name under which it is charted for the use of ocean-going vessels as far as six hundred miles from its mouth, the

Yangtze river, undoubtedly the most useful river in the world, but the Chinese do not insist that a river should be known by the same name throughout its course any more than they themselves keep the same name all through life. After all, when you have reached the confluence of two streams how are you to know which, if indeed either, is the same as the river below?

Steamers ply on the Chialing, for a short distance also on the Golden Sands, and in high water on the Min from Suifu as far as Kiating, also called Loshan. The Yangtze from Suifu down to Chungking is of course a very busy run for steamers. It must be remembered that all this is above Chungking, upper terminus of what is known as the "Upper Yangtze," below which are the Middle Yangtze (Ichang to Hankow), and the Lower Yangtze (Hankow to Shanghai). Since the Japanese occupation of Ichang, Chungking steamers proceed downstream regularly only as far as Wanhsien. Altogether the West China fleet of steamers and launches centering on Chungking numbers into the hundreds.

But the typical West China boat is not a steamer. It is propelled entirely by sails and by the muscles of West China's hundreds of thousands of boatmen.

River boats range in size from twenty feet or less to almost a hundred. The only part of the boat not made of wood or bamboo are the nails, the anchor, and the ship's kettle. In smaller boats the

difference between the bow and the stern is less pronounced but in the great junks with their lofty and covered sterns one is struck with the strangely low and undeveloped bow. The reason is that the oarsmen stand together forward (of the ship; the men face either direction) and their platform is built a more or less fixed distance from the water regardless of the size of the boat in order that their oars might conveniently reach water. Amidships a semi-circular roof of the leaf of the bamboo framed in strips of bamboo keeps the hold dry. This roof is in sections which are telescoped as need arises.

At Kwangyuan on the upper reaches of the Chialing I watched shipwrights building boats. They had selected a spot on the stony bank which in high water is all river. The simplicity of the equipment was almost baffling. With scarcely more than ax, saw, and augur (twirled by a second man with a thong) and nails shaped by the local blacksmith they assembled irregular pieces of board into a ship. The sides had already been made and three men were working on the bottom. When it too had been finished the sides would be attached somewhat in the manner a tailor sews on a sleeve. Then with some more sawing and hammering there would be only the caulking left to do. It takes three men four or five months to fashion a seventy to eighty-foot boat and in March of this year a vessel of this size was completed for from three to four thousand dollars national currency, or about two

hundred dollars U. S. currency. Several finished specimens up the shore showed in what a big, buoyant, and beautiful job this almost painfully ill-equipped hammering and cutting would end.

If there is a load immediately at hand, as in the instance of Kwangyuan with its vast turnover of Shensi cotton bales consigned to Chungking (a wartime trade), there is an advantage in building a boat on the upper reaches of a river, for the difference between going upstream and downstream is nowhere greater than in China.

Downstream all is lovely, albeit a bit tedious even that. The crew sometimes rows, sometimes they merely drift. But upstream they exert themselves in what impresses one as the most excruciating labor in all the world. While sails and oars are used to some extent also upstream, the greater part of the distance and all the more difficult mileage is made by all but the helmsman's (and in the case of the bigger boats that of one other man who stays in the prow and regulates with rope and pulley the relation of the bow to the tow rope) getting off and pulling at the towline.

The towline is a succession of lengths of bamboo strips fastened together. The front man in the tow company carries the idle loops over his shoulder. The three or five men on the towline of a small to medium-sized boat will walk it up a slow stretch of water at an ordinary pace. But against a rapid current they, and the nine or eleven men of a big boat, have to lean forward far and long to make

headway. There are places where the struggle against the strength of the current is nothing short of inhuman. Extra men are put on the line and the whole gang bends grovelling down over the rocks with hands upon the ground. Sweating bodies waver from side to side in their harnesses but cannot make it forward. An advance of three inches is a triumph. Such are the exertions, by human beings, of hauling the boats upstream that by the time a loaded boat has advanced from Chungking to Kwangyuan in the same province and on the same tributary a modern freighter has encircled the globe.

One is badly mistaken, however, to suppose it to be altogether a matter of muscle. A seasoned West China boatman has mastered every detail of his boat and, what is more, every feature, visible and invisible, of his river. In order to arrive in Suifu the same day I took a sampan one evening from a small stopping place on the Min where the river boat had moored for the night. The skill of the oarsman advancing in the dark and his knowledge of the current, rapids, banks, and rocks were astonishing. But it wasn't learned in a day. Many of the "sailors" started as half-grown flunkies tending the fire under the pot of rice that is heated twice a day for passengers and crew and a third time for the crew only. (There's a fine rule of priority of the hard-working crew over passengers at meals.) By the time he stands a seasoned old freshwater salt on the helmsman's plank with a pay

and a half, his "voyages" number into the scores if not hundreds and his moorings for the night into thousands. He knows by that time, indeed has known for years, on which side of the stream to start out, where to cross to the best advantage, and how to cross, where to row and when to sail, where to pole and when to tow, how to round this point and how to dodge the full effect of that current, and how a mere dozen or twenty men can get fifty tons of shipping to the top of the rapids. This lore has accumulated over the centuries. Coasting down a stream past a formidable wall of rock one may wonder in what early dynasty West China's boatmen first found toe-holds for their poles in the face of that rock and in all how many millions of iron tips have been poked into them since then. The Chinese are not to be despised, least of all as boatmen.

There is one feature the traveler can never forget: the song of the Szechwan boatmen! Every exertion whether of rowing or of towing is done to the rhythm of a song. It is fascinating, almost captivating, as it is meant to be. The crew assume their positions and take the oars in their hands. A few desultory strokes are made independently. The coxswain calls in an easy rhythm and the oarsmen warm up in easy unison. The coxswain yodels more firmly and the strokes of the oarsmen begin to mean business. The coxswain's falsetto has hit its stride and in an absolutely intriguing response of coxswain's calls and oarsmen's groans, coxswain's

calls and oarsmen's groans the river is stroked off at a fascinating clip.

Suddenly upon an almost imperceptible change in the rhythmic falsetto the stroke is altered and the crew as one man turn around and push instead of pull. Our coxswain, a flat-chested, weak-looking native of the Min, was simply wonderful. His skill as a yodeler with all sorts of playful variations to his warbling, his knowledge of the requirements of navigation, and his skill in organizing the crew to outdo itself and yet his feeling for their limits were all amazing!

As we approach the rapids an air of awakeness and a slight tenseness comes over the whole ship. Passengers sit up but are told not to move from their positions. The tempo of the stroking is progressively stepped up and in a desperate staccato of calls and strokes, calls and strokes, the oarsmen smiting as in a frenzy, the top of the cataract is reached. Then with an utter lack of anticlimax and postlude the stroking stops dead short. The oarsmen sprawl down on the deck and the whole boat knows that the issue rests with the skill of the helmsman. There is no sound but that of the tumultuous river leaping down the glade. Or, perhaps, one hears above this roar, borne from far upstream, where the next boat is being smitten into position, the same song of the Szechwan boatmen.

It is strange that as those who get around so much the boatmen of China should be so superstri-

tious. So many expressions are taboo among them that one must use almost another vocabulary when referring to matters about the boat. A friend told me that an order to turn a box upside down had to be said with a most awkward bit of circumlocution —something about making the bottom face upward. The simple and straightforward expression might turn the boat itself upside down! And I was amazed when the "boy" aboard a Chungking steamer supposed in dead earnest that I could see into a hill at which I was looking. He thought foreigners had "three visions" or something extraordinary like that! And he was not a rude Sikang raftsman but boy aboard a steamer running regularly out of Chungking.

It is also strange that the sailors should care so little for decency. The Chinese put great stress on respectability and it is one of their admirable and laudable traits as a people that public behavior is decent. But the Ya river raftsmen with whom I came down from Sikang were certainly a lewd lot.

Of the total number of West China river folk I have no idea. But having seen the really big junks moored side by side in almost endless rows at such confluences as Luchow and Chungking, as well as the numberless craft of all sizes with their crews laboring up the towpaths that never end, my guess is that they number well into the hundreds of thousands.

THE SALWEEN GORGE

ALTHOUGH there is nearly no end of sustained ascents and miles-long descents between Kunming and Lashio and, for that matter, between Chungking and even Paochi in North China and Mandalay in central Burma, the most impressive feature of the Burma Road is certainly the Salween gorge. For sheer mountain grandeur the second or third hour's driving below the Hsiakwan pass, where the great Tsang mountains of Talifu are seen to even better advantage from the west, their tops ablaze in a gigantic conflagration of cloud in the dazzling sunlight, is unsurpassed on the whole route. The descent to the Mekong from the east is almost breathtaking. But even with these enthusiastic concessions, the Salween gorge is *the* experience of the road.

Though on the youngest great highway of the world, its fame is already celebrated and one is set for it in advance. We approached it haltingly due to a succession of delays. At the outside base of the eastward abutment we broke an axle which had to be changed during a tropical shower. Some distance up the mountain a truck skidded into us for a slight collision. Still farther up a big unit had nosed into the bank skidding its five-ton trailer rack of gasoline barrels athwart the road beyond

which half a hundred trucks were waiting to pass. Eventually we made the top and started on a descent which though it began much like scores of others soon turned out to be extraordinary and stupendous.

If one may reverently appraise the Creator's concepts, this gorge is one of His grandest. Certainly in conceiving of ever laying a highway into this abyss and out again man the engineer has been his boldest. For four hours on end modern trucks turn, loop, and backtrack in a three-dimensional progress before the gorge is quite traversed, consistently downward the shorter half of the time and resolutely upward the whole of the remainder. The hill on the western slope is forty-two kilometers long.

The fact, of course, is that in this coming together of highway and gorge the presence of the one enhances the wonder of the other. Four hours of driving over even the identical gradient in any other part of the world would not be nearly the same thing; nor would the identical Salween without the road be nearly the same gorge. The Burma highway lends perspective to the whole. Whereas you descend to the narrow bed of the Mekong from the east by a steeper and more hazardous road you ascend again from a point many miles downstream and not a foot of either part of the road is visible from the other. In fact one fails to get even the best view of the Mekong itself from either slope. But in the Salween gorge the whole layout

is contained in the confined! compass of opposite sides. Not that every point on the road is visible from every other—a whole mountain is taken at a single loop!—but much of the highway on one's own side and perhaps more on the opposite is visible in one grand sweep of vision. The driving in low gear for hours, the diminutive progress of trucks so far away as to be nonmechanical and effortless, and the long zigzags half a day's motoring away impart awesomeness to the depths below.

We started downward early in the afternoon through a light shower. The river soon appeared on the right meandering in curves particularly noble from our high angle. We descended a long way before getting a sight of the crossing itself, seen suddenly almost directly below, the suspension bridge set finely in a part of the weathered rocky gorge scarred by fresh blasts of bombs. The light rain ceased soon after the crossing of the bridge and the ascent was impressively beautiful. Broken springs on two of the convoy of three trucks gave us a long halt about halfway up the western slope. It was now late in the afternoon. Labor in the considerable ricefields, whose hydraulics on such slopes is marvelously engineered, would soon cease for the day. When the repairs had been made we started again turning, turning, mounting mile after mile.

The valley northward opened up with particular majesty. Ridge on ridge, a dozen of them, the mountains protruded their promontories into the

valley in the direction where the Salween, the Mekong, and the Yangtze, arising together in the Tibetan plateau and emigrating great rivers each to his own country, flow for a while so close to each other in northern Yunnan as almost to hold hands. At sunset the clouds which threatened to make ours a poor day for crossing the Salween gorge enobled the vast whole with an aspect at once austere and sublimely serene.

I wished there were an artist to paint it all exactly as we saw it down to the detail of time, Saturday evening, the end of the week. There was something cosmic about the whole: the depths, the upheaval, and yet a resultant totality of calm. Looking back we could see Man's road full of windings and turns, descending in its plunge to the very depths but crossing by a Mediator, a bridge, and that in an instant, then set immediately upon the gigantic task of rehabilitation, an effort that took all the rest of the day.

It was night when we reached the top, far above everything. In a lovely moonlight we drove on to the city of Lungling, on the borders of the Shan peoples.

A LINK WITH INDIA

THE Burma road leads to Burma, and Burma is on the road to India, in fact until 1936 it was a part of India.

It is extremely curious that connecting India and China, two of the greatest gathering places of the human race and two of the oldest, there should not have been a great Burma road millenniums ago. Instead of three or four thousand years old, the Burma road is only a couple of years old. One would expect it to have been the greatest of all roads and its milestones engraved on both sides with the arms and insignias of ancient dynasties. One would expect, in that part of the world, a road to which for size, age, and use the famous Roman roads could not have held a candle.

Yet, to say categorically that none existed would not be quite accurate. There have been, ever since men first lived at either end and in the area between, a number of Burma roads. One such emerged on the Burma side at Bamo on the Irriwadi river. But even with that network of roads and paths which no part of the inhabited world is entirely without it can be said that no Burma road existed, for few men, or things, or ideas started out from either Benares or Peking deliberately to reach the other in the course of the millenniums.

The country on the boundaries of India and China is too rough and too difficult to traverse completely. Some of the most forbidding gorges in the world have cut any potential Burma road. While many in this village have walked over to that village and there talked with friends who had met the people in the next village few, very few, had passed down the whole line of villages from one country to the other. In some places some of the villagers had scarcely once in their whole lives been to the opposite village whose ricefields showed clearly across the gorge.

Ancient man did not travel for travel's sake. Even to this day only missionaries travel for an idea's sake. That leaves only travel for things' sake, and things were hard to lug over the mountains. Even over the fine, new Burma road a carrier starting from either Kunming or Lashio with a load of rice would find it half gone when he arrived at the other end. And at both ends and all along the way they produce rice—why should he make the journey? Should he have conceived of carrying a load of Benares rice all the way to Peking to exchange it for a load of wheat or sorghum his whole stock would have passed into his mouth before getting fairly started.

The impediment of land space to intercourse is simply inconceivable to us who easily put five hundred miles of mountain and plain between our breakfast and dinner tables. A fellow missionary tells me that in a particularly severe north China

famine of the last century while rice was nevertheless bountifully available in a place called Choukiakou the situation was so desperate in a large and wealthy village east of Loyang that a fat man dared not show himself in the open for fear of becoming the victim of cannibalism. The two points are only 140 miles apart as the crow flies, and two thirds of the intervening land is perfectly flat.

For ancient society the Burma road would have been too difficult. However, via Malacca and Nan Yang, the Southern Seas, China and India maintained a tenuous contact centuries ago. Via Tibet and the much longer route around Tibet and through Sinkiang the two great population areas at least heard of each other's existence. There was even some commerce, the most significant part of the interchange being ideological. This commerce in ideas was strangely enough a one-way traffic; it was all give for India and all take for China. Though not destroyed entirely, Chinese practicality was vitiated by Indian unreality, the eyes of the Chinese were turned in the wrong direction to be saved, and our great foe Buddhism made its conquest of China from India. But India herself was too lost in dreams of error to receive anything from China.

Now that the Burma road has been opened and now that the two nations are in critical stages of their history, India as pressed from both east and west and China as surrounded and cut off but for this one road, the link between India and China

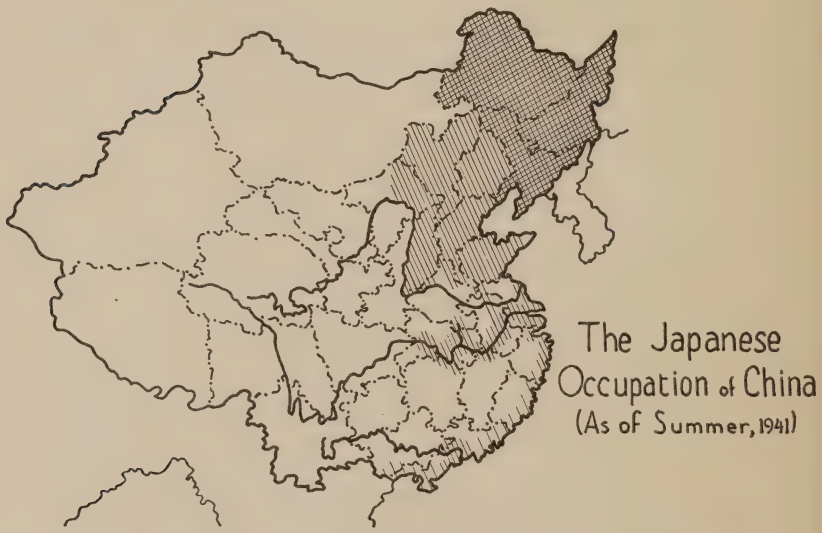
has become one of unprecedented intimacy. Not long ago an Indian delegation visited Chungking in token of the bond of sympathy and mutual good will between the two countries.

But China cannot expect any help from India. We want life, we don't want India. Another southwest gust of the exquisite spirit which has robbed India herself of society, of a sustaining diet, of youth, of orientation in reality, and even of its soul can bring no good to China. Instead of India let Christendom exert its saving and rehabilitating influence over China; let Christian missionaries, American or Indian, make immediate use of the Burma road!

JAPAN IN CHINA

THE degree and character of the Japanese occupation of China is of paramount importance not only to Chinese nationalism but also to Christian missions in China.

The extent of this occupation is represented by shading in the accompanying map.



The doubly shaded portion is the Three Eastern Provinces, by the seizure of which in 1931 Japan significantly effected the first major disturbance of

the post-war (Versailles) world which has taken so many a staggering blow since then.

Of the remainder a small northeast area (Jehol) was taken in 1933; all the rest since the outbreak of the present war in July, 1937. Most of the area north of the Yellow river was occupied in the first autumn of the struggle. The area immediately north of the lower course of the Yellow river (as it now flows) fell in the first half of 1938.

Shanghai and Nanking fell the first autumn but the conquest of the Yangtze was not pushed to Hankow until the fall of 1938. Only in June of last year was the Yangtze occupied as far as Ichang, one thousand miles from the sea.

Canton, at the mouth of the Pearl river, was occupied about the same time as Hankow, in the second autumn of the struggle. The coastline from Shanghai to French Indo-China has been the object of several campaigns, is all of it subject to Japanese naval domination, but is too extensive to be policed effectively. The leaks, though small, are many.

A unique circumstance, discernible in the map, is the functional difference in the Yellow and Yangtze rivers. The Yellow river has been a barrier to penetration and conquest; the Yangtze a medium. The one is a fence, the other a road, because of the navigational idiosyncrasies of the two streams.

It cannot be supposed that the shaded area is all Japanized or even thoroughly occupied. Outside of the large cities and off the railroads one (a Chinese)

could travel days without so much as seeing a Japanese. He might instead see guerilla bands. The area is occupied in this sense that the well-organized Japanese can put a detachment of troops at any point in the shaded area any time they want to.

Nor is one to infer a unity of lesser administration. "Manchukuo" has its own setup. North China is more directly subject to the Japanese army than the Yangtze delta, where proclamations carry the stamp of the Wang Ching Wei (Wong Jeeng Way), puppet Nanking regime. But over it all Tokyo casts its shadow, dictates the cardinal policy and even much of the detail. The foreign relations of the shaded area are all Tokyo-dictated and that is why the missionary is concerned.

It will be observed that at no point does the occupation include West China. However, in the bend of the Yellow river, at Ichang on the Yangtze (only 112 miles in a line from Szechwan, but with the difficult Gorges between), and in Indo-China on the Yunnan border they are in either close or actual contact. Even such areas as are far from the front are subject to the devastations of bombing. My guess is that the situation in the interior will not change greatly in the near future by direct conquest. Humanly speaking, the state of Chinese-Japanese relations is determined by even more inclusive matters outside of China. But in the light of God's Word it is dependent upon the attitude of the Chinese and Japanese peoples toward God and toward His Word and Gospel.

We missionaries have a special objection to Tokyo. Politics is not our province and we will labor for the propagation of the alone-abiding regime of God's City under any perishing earthly regime, but we do wish the Japanese worshipped the true God! It is against the demand that all men everywhere worship the Emperor of Japan, alleged descendant of Amaterasu, that we protest with unyielding vehemence. If to this demand permission is added to worship Jesus as well, we reply that He alone is Lord, adorable forever. It is over the First Commandment that we missionaries take primary issue with the Japanese Empire and our earnest desire is that the great Japanese nation would worship our Lord Jesus Christ and Him alone.

I visited Korea in 1936 and again in 1940. The change that had come over the Korean Church, the chief exhibit of the power and grace of the Christian missions and their chief glory, in these four brief years is simply incredible. The Church in Japan seems to have been pretty well asleep even before being wheeled into the operating room—where were her watchmen, especially her missionaries? But the Church in Korea had been awake at least a moment before its turn. Nevertheless it accepted the insidious and anesthetizing propaganda, "only a patriotic ceremony, in no sense religious," over the protests of some mighty noble men of God, missionary and Korean. The gas worked and the Korean Church is today a pathetic object of commiseration, pathetic because of what she was

in the very van of the Christian advance. May God revive her!

We of China have reason to look upon Korea with a special interest, a personal and even selfish interest. We are next in line and the shadow that has engulfed Korea is as sure to fall upon us as the earth turns another degree toward its sunset, unless the direction be changed. The inexorable policy of persuasion and power that was applied to Korean Christians with such stunning efficacy is already abroad in China. Missionaries, especially those left in occupied area stations, and the churches have never had more reason to cry to God for loyalty to Him as God.

Occupied China is already in a great measure inaccessible to new workers and new exertions except of prayer. Let the Christian Church cry to God for the reopening of doors once ajar but never adequately entered, for the prolongation of the open period of open doors in Free China! Let her put forth her real and divine strength in the real prosecution of a work so great and so sublime that in comparison the titanic struggles in the Ukraine and before Moscow are just so much waving of windblown grass!

FLESH–DEATH; SPIRIT–LIFE

"For if ye live after the flesh, ye must die; but if by the Spirit ye put to death the deeds of the body, ye shall live" (Romans 8:13).

After crossing the line between China and Burma I did not again set foot on soil where the Asiatic is his own master though I visited India, Malaya, and four islands of the Dutch East Indies.

India and the Indies is a marvelous world, first visited by the Portuguese four and a half centuries ago and immediately made the object of conquests and rivalries, fumbled by one nation and one set of merchants only to be picked up by another. I witnessed the admirable efficiency of the Indian railroads, the local security and comfort in which the Chinese of Singapore live and make money, and the wonderful setup in Java, where order, hygiene, and industry have skyrocketed a population of a few million to one of nearly fifty million. The West has done great things for the East. Widows may now survive their husbands in India, Moslems and Hindus can only glare at each other, and heads stay on their own shoulders even in Borneo. Children go to free schools, women read newspapers, and native princes play polo and sport Rolls Royces on asphalt roads where before only a man with an ax could get through the jungle.

But while it is a marvelously changed world, it is not a Christian world. The vast majority is still pagan. In fact a vastly increasing number of people is pagan for Western stabilization and development of the East have greatly increased the Asiatic and Malaysian populations so that we have the strange spectacle of a Christendom that fails to be adequately evangelizing actually increasing the number of pagans in the world! Indians and Malays get jobs as clerks and policemen, some enter the civil and military services, and a number even sit as counsellors and members of parliaments. But few become Christians. And it is no wonder. The main reason for our exploitation of the East has not been to Christianize it. The bulk of our representation in the Orient has not been Christian at all. A Dutch pastor in Borneo who flies in order to cover the Dutch communities that form what he sometimes thinks must be the largest parish in the world (almost 1,000 miles long) finds his work on occasion so ungrateful that he has felt like leaving the whites for the browns. He estimates that four fifths of his countrymen are beyond the pale. I did not ask Rangoon or Calcutta clergymen for estimates of the ratio of British Christians nor do I know the exact figure for Americans in Manila but they are not likely to be much better. Many of our countrymen live in sin so flagrant as to be scandalous in the eyes of both missionaries and natives. The morning we assembled in the yard of a Kunming hotel to commence the six-day drive to the Burma

border an American marine who prided himself on his service to missionaries was glorying in having committed gross sin during our halt. On Judgment Day many Asiatics will point to the nationals of Christian countries as their seducers into sin or as their guides into its more streamlined forms.

It may be a bit shameless to unearth and exhibit the crimes of bygone generations when we are no better but it should be definitely wholesome for us to attempt a visualization of the millions of lost souls who will on the great Day call for proper judgment on the white race for the forcing of opium on the protesting Chinese. God has not forgotten, nor have the Chinese. Just over a year ago while passing through Peking I stopped before a bookstall in the Tung-an municipal market. In the nature of the case the bookseller was handling best sellers. I asked him to recommend something to me and he handed me an authentic work consisting of the pathetic documents of the Opium Incident!

My first night in the British Empire after crossing the Chinese line a chief of police threatened me with eviction as being "objectionable" for having witnessed to him personally of religious truth. It is only fair to say that he was a native but he was an official native and could scarcely have carried out his threat but as an official. If he had intended extradition and had thrown me out over the nearest line I should have been forced back into heathen China where I was never threatened with anything for the propagation of religious truth. A Salvation

Army man was recently given permission to proceed to a certain place in Malaya only after having made a written commitment that he would not preach. A strange missionary! But also a strange regime that functions as a part of the Empire of King-Emperor George VI! I was told there are three areas in the Dutch East Indies, two on Sumatra and one in Java, to which missionaries may not proceed. In Makassar I met an American missionary who assured me that had his work in the island of Bali been allowed to continue there would now be ten thousand Christians in that paradise of lecherous tourists.

Far be it from me to suggest that the British and Dutch regimes are anti-Christian. In whatever degree they are hindering the preaching of the Gospel to every creature they are committing their principal sin, but let it be gratefully acknowledged that generally they have exhausted almost every means at their disposal to facilitate the work of missionaries. In Malaya mission schools are heavily subsidized. So great is the unused area in the permitted field that by far the chief transgressor in the failure of the Christianizing of the Orient is the Christian Church which has been slow to move in through open doors.

Nor would I want to give the impression that the majority of our compatriots in the East are flagrant sinners though there certainly are enough men of license and riot among them. Possibly even a large majority of white men in the East is a fairly

decent, industrious, regular, and home-loving lot. Certainly there are rows and rows of lovely bungalows with their presumably lovable and in their way happy families of white men in Balik Papan, Penang, and elsewhere. But St. Paul did not say that only if we live as murderers and adulterers shall we die—he merely says that if we live after the flesh must we die.

The grand impression one carries away of the white man's being and doing in the East is one of a life lived after the flesh. And let us not disown him. He has gone out from us and he will return to us. He is *we* in the East. We are there for the tin, and the rubber, and the oil, and the gold and to have as good and pleasant a time as possible while getting them. Definitely we have not arrogated to ourselves the position of leadership and responsibility among our brethren in the East in order "to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive remission of sins and an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in Jesus." We are not there for Jesus' sake nor for theirs that "they might be saved"; we are there firstly for our own sakes and are thus leading exactly the life by the flesh of which St. Paul predicates that it is headed straight for death!

This death is both spiritual and material, both personal and national. I am sure it is infinitely less grating to the fine and holy sensibilities of our mission-minded God to have heathen ruled even

heartlessly by heathen than even generously by Christians who are heartless enough to be quite satisfied that they remain heathen. Certainly in some sense there is less wastage of, and effrontery to, God's precious grace on the part of pagans who show no knowledge of it than on the part of Christians who profess to know it and to have accepted it, and yet never cared enough about it to make it known to millions of souls scheduled irrevocably for eternity, right under their thumbs! Imperialistic and even commercially exploiting regimes should turn either quite pagan or zealously evangelizing for their very perpetuation.

Already there are signs of this death, even the national. While we were still in East Indian waters the Japanese navy occupied the fine anchorage of Camrahn Bay right in the middle of the strategic triangle of Hong Kong, Singapore, and Manila, which many white men would like to keep forever to themselves. Admittedly it was aggression (not that the Asiatic peoples haven't always had their own expressions for "aggression" nor that they haven't had plenty of opportunities to use them since the Portuguese first showed up in these waters), but it shows the white man's domination of certain Eastern preserves is not of necessity eternal; it is, to use St. Paul's expression, mortal.

Indeed, mortal is the whole setup. Strange are the artificialities, incongruities, or at least curiosities of this mortal setup. Petroleum is pumped by white men out of Asiatic wells to head off Asiatics

and to blow the heads off other white men. Meanwhile rival broadcasters in the capitals of Europe run each other down and plead for the enthusiastic support of vast Eastern ethnical blocs in perfect Arabic and Hindustani! Among the Asiastics themselves white men or their regimes pit one faction against another for the survival of a part of the white men. And all the while some of the white advocates find a strange reluctance and apathy on the part of the Asiatic to get wild over the obvious good being championed.

These are infinitely more than curiosities; they are tragedies, and the harbingers of death. I would not be cynical nor even aloof to the great struggle nor would I for a moment say that both sides or all sides are equally out of the right. No issue between nations or individuals ever fell without the circle of right and wrong and however inscrutable God's "sense of timing" He always takes notice and sooner or later judges and rectifies. But I do say that such has been the white man's (Christendom's) life after the flesh that it has pleased God to write "mortal" in good-sized letters across his high and now fevered brow.

Oh, that we had lived after the Spirit and not after the flesh! That during the good years we had made friends for all eternity (Luke 16:9) — Japanese, Indians, and Africans—that our almost boundless resources had been spent thus instead of being stored up for our own destruction.

Would that money had been transmuted into

a "treasure in heaven" so that it would not now have to be spent, along with astronomical sums not yet made, for bombers and battleships. Alas, for the blood that now flows and will flow from potential missionaries, rivers of life blood that might have been the "seed of the Church" but instead begrimes the steppes of Russia, mixes with the dust of immense battlefields, clogging but not stopping the advance of steel over flesh! Would that we had entered more fully than we did the doors that have now been closed—Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Turkestan. That we would now enter those still open—open, yes, but almost unused because of our concern over the panther at loose in the world.

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The dying world is not yet dead. In America at least we still have a lot of life and a lot of things that could be consecrated to God. We still eat meat and milk and butter and eggs, all we want and more than we should. We live in apartments so warm that our furs serve only for the twenty steps from the door to the automobile, or altogether for show. And the conditions of American order, service, and security! Two days before leaving San Francisco I checked my duffel bag and never even saw it again until in Minneapolis and this though the distance is great as that I had just taken two months to cover in China, which before the days of motor roads would have taken half a year or

more. Not once in the two thousand American miles did I figuratively have to sleep with one foot on it. So fast and secure was its delivery that I had to pay a dime storage charges on my arrival! I have not heard a single air-raid alarm since landing; there is not a bombproof in the whole park across the street; nor is there a single one of our one hundred and thirty million who has heard a bomb go off, virtually not for twenty-two years anywhere and for soon eighty years not within our own shores. Our army chafes because of the insufficiency not of rice and rags but of potato-peeling machines and all the world marvels at the latest American invention of the non-shooting war.

America is fortunate far beyond her own realization. Even by white men's scale of reference our standard of life is simply incredible. An English fellow missionary from Honan just arrived on furlough told me the other day that he was amazed at the high life of every class—of the one high American class. He may not have seen certain shacks and slums but he had seen representative America. Such are our resources and expenditures in comparison with the rest of the world that for the cost of a single bridge we bolster China's depreciated national currency for months at one stroke. With our crumbs we could feed whole nations. There is no task of supply, support, or rehabilitation the world over that we have not at least the self-assurance to undertake for the mere asking, sometimes without even that. Our station in the world is utterly

unique. Certainly no nation ever had even remotely comparable opportunities for service, and none greater temptations to live the life of the flesh. If America lives by the Spirit what a large, rich, and world-quickening life will be hers. If by the flesh, what a funeral!

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If our people were converted and set themselves to serve God what a mission would result! Already we have taken the young men—over a million—out of their jobs and ordinary spheres of life. The nation gets along without them in a certain sense. Parents, brothers, sisters, bosses, and even sweethearts have managed, not without some protest, to let them go. The nation is even finding enough money to supply them with clothes, shoes, food, yes, even with Testaments, while they are in service. Presumably "business" is meant, that is, if worse comes to worst both the nation and the boys themselves are willing that their lives be laid down in the service.

All it would take to make missionaries out of these boys—far and away the greatest crusade of all time—is genuine conversion and consecration, the substitution of "Spirit" for "flesh." It would take no more money and no more personal privation or hardship of parting. The health of the boys would be much better and their life expectancy appreciably longer.

The effect on the whole world would be astound-

ing. The world would really begin to live. The possibilities released by such an eventuality fairly make one reel for their unreality! Would that the day soon dawned!

But what the American nation neglects to do the individual Christian must do. Let there be at least his individual choice of the life in the Spirit. His will be that double role so distasteful yet ordered by a wise and divine appointment: in the world but not of the world. Let him in his "by the Spirit" role live for the salvation of all the world.

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Let the life of the Spirit be lived now. The world is in its need and darkness saying "come" (Acts 16:9); Jesus is saying "go" (Matt. 28:19); and to His "go" He adds a "come" but predicates it of Himself with that significant adverb modifier "quickly"! (Rev. 22:20.)

Certainly one of the areas that cries "come" with particularly clear articulation is West China. The closing of other doors gives enhanced meaning to the opening of this one. The government of Free China says "come" both by its wonderfully friendly attitude and by its unique and explicit invitation. At one time missionaries from occupied China were given free transportation to Free China for the mere "coming." The report is that this unheard-of provision is still in force. What other government gives so substantial a welcome to

Christian workers? But the high-minded and charitable Chinese Government having expected large numbers to avail themselves of this offer, was disappointed by the meager response. When I was in Chungking less than twenty had passed over the Burma road to avail themselves of this offer! Of course, we should not want the missionaries to abandon occupied China while needed there, but certainly Christendom should have a better response to make!

The missionaries, those who have the welfare of the people of West China deeply at heart and sense both the utter inadequacy and the inadequate effectiveness of the present effort, say, "Come and help us!" And the people of the land, certainly from the seventy-five million to one hundred million "West Chinese" even if it be an inarticulate calling, one who has himself heard the Savior's "come" and also His "go" cannot fail to hear a "come" that is both peremptory and, I hope, effective!

For those with little baggage it is possible to fly into Free China from Hong Kong. For those with much (one doesn't need such a lot!) there is the Burma road just opened for such a time as this and, I would say ultimately and chiefly, for such a mission as this.

For some, God knows who, the answer to this West China "come" will itself be the decisive step between flesh and Spirit, between death and life, first for themselves, secondly for the people of West China.

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AND THE

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